

IS NOW IN SHAPE.

The Social Democratic Scheme Planned by Debs.

DETAILS ARE ALMOST COMPLETED.

Constitutions Adopted for National and State Organizations—Originator of the New Departure Makes a Speech in Which He Declares the Movement a Constitutional One and That It Will Work on Legal Lines—Officers Elected.

Chicago, June 22.—Eugene V. Debs, in concluding his speech outlining his co-operative scheme at Chicago's hall yesterday, said he had never drawn the salaries offered him by the labor organizations with which he was officially connected. Debs was at Chicago's hall early getting his lieutenants in shape and preparing for the final adoption of the constitution and plans of the new Social Democracy of America. The committee held conferences with the late A. R. U. leader as soon as he reached the city from Cedar Lake, where he spent Sunday, and when the gavel dropped everything was in shape to launch the latest scheme of Debs. As soon as the delegates had convened Chairman Debs took the floor to outline the plans for co-operative commonwealth which the Social Democracy of America hopes to establish. The plan won the unanimous applause of those present. It contemplates eradicating all the evils of the present local, state and national governments.

Said This One Will Succeed.

Mr. Debs painted a picture of the proposed commonwealth in glowing colors. He said that while other co-operative colony schemes had failed, he was confident the present one would culminate in establishing a new civilization, where equal justice would reign and monopoly would be taxed out of existence. He said an impression had gone abroad that this was to be an exodus of unemployed from the east to Washington, or that ever state is decided upon by the colonization commission. This he denied. The plan does not contemplate a Coker army. The plan was to take only such a number of men at first as may be taken care of, and then increase the number later after crops had been planted.

How the Work Will Begin.

He said personally he favored Washington as the best adapted to their use, and spoke in the highest terms of Governor Rogers, who had invited them to that state. Debs said that whatever was done would be done in compliance with the constitution of the federal government. He outlined the plan by saying that they would send out picked men to break the soil, build a saw mill, clear forests, build houses and prepare for more colonists. Crops would be put in and as more men were needed they would be sent out. As soon as provisions were made to take care of more others would be sent. When the time came for a state election they would put 200 men on the stump without pay and he thought that inside of twenty-four hours the Social Democracy could carry the state and gain control of the legislature.

WILL RUN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

But Will Obey the Courts When They Command—Constitution Adopted.

He said the plan did not contemplate stopping with one state, but carrying on the reform until they had control of the entire country. He said that they would only act within their rights under the federal government, and if the supreme court said to stop that they would do so. He said that they would recognize and defend the same flag as the millionaire who boasts so loudly about it now. Taxes are levied by the legislature when Debs gets control and this money is to be used in establishing new industries. Debs then turned his batteries against the press, and after lashing it for criticisms of himself he proceeded to deny charges, referring to the fact that John Brown and the Nazis were both denounced as traitors when they advocated reforms.

At the conclusion of his speech the committee reported constitutions for the state union and the national organization, to be known as the Social Democracy. The national council is to have an executive board to supervise its affairs. A colonization commission, to be made up of three men, is to be chosen by the executive board. This commission is to have charge of the new commonwealth scheme. The money to carry on this scheme is to be raised by voluntary contributions. No member of either the executive board or the commission is to hold any political office. The commission is to meet before Aug. 1, and name the state in which the first colony shall be established. It will also adopt regulations for the selection of unemployed persons and take steps toward conveying them to the state decided upon.

At the conclusion of the reading of the committee reports a resolution was carried adopting the constitution as a whole and declaring it in effect. Chairman Debs announced that the Social Democracy was on earth and would proceed to select its temporary officers, but before this was done it was decided best to take a recess until 2 o'clock. In the interim several little caucuses were held and the Social Democracy developed the fact that it was not composed of different clays from other political and labor organizations and that at least the caucus and its peculiar features had not been obliterated.

At the afternoon meeting Debs explained at length the aims and purposes of the co-operative commonwealth. The colony should be sent to Washington, from which place he said an official invitation had been received. After establishing the colony he would secure control of the politics of the state and start a co-operative commonwealth. "The first thing we would do after getting control," he said, "would be to call a special session of the legislature. Then we would call a convention to revise the constitution and get all the rot out of it. We will have control of the taxing power and can tax syndicates and land sharks out of the state. Persons shall be taxed according to their means and shall have trusts to their needs. We will have trusts—nothing but trusts—in our state, but we will all be in the trust. Operators will not work twelve to fifteen hours a day, but four or five. We will be in the field in 1900 with a new party. These men who represent the

new life are going to unite if by magic for the overthrow of commercialism and the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth by which the brotherhood of man will become a fact."

At a meeting of the directors of the Social Democracy of America last night the following officers were elected: E. V. Debs, chairman; Sylvester Kelher, secretary; James Hogan, vice president; William E. Burns, general organizer. The salary of each officer was placed at \$100 per month.

Chairman Debs has other matters than the adoption of constitutions and plans to look after. Representatives of land companies doing business in the west are making his life a burden by asking for an opportunity to set forth the advantages of the particular state in which their companies have land to dispose of for the colonization scheme.

CHILDREN FIND A CORPSE.

Details of the Killing of Jos. Medlin by John Sollinger Et Al.

Vincennes, Ind., June 22.—Some children playing in a lane in Lawrence county, Ill., four miles from this city, found the dead body of a man lying in a fence corner Sunday morning. Investigation showed that it was the body of Joseph Medlin, a farm hand of that locality. It was also found that Medlin had been shot with a shotgun, the lead having struck him in the back. Suspicion at once pointed to John Sollinger, a farmer near whose house the body was found. It was known that Medlin, who was a cousin of Mr. Sollinger, had gone to Sollinger's house Saturday night intoxicated, where he, it is alleged, created a disturbance and broke up the furniture and threatened Sollinger. Medlin once worked for Sollinger, but was discharged because of an alleged intimacy between him and Mrs. Sollinger. The husband is said to have been very jealous, and threatened to kill his wife's cousin. Sunday night Sollinger, who had been in hiding all day, went to Lawrence and surrendered.

It is alleged that he confessed that he killed Medlin, but after going to jail denied knowing anything about the case. It is charged that Sollinger in his first statement implicates several others. The coroner's verdict held Sollinger as the slayer of Medlin, and Lewis Partee and Joe Farr as accomplices. It is charged that Sollinger sent Partee to Farr's house to borrow the gun and that he stated that he wanted to shoot Medlin with it and that it was loaned with a full knowledge of the deadly purpose it was to be used for. Sollinger, it is said, shot Medlin while the latter was sitting on a fence. In the presence of Farr and Partee. Medlin was considered the neighborhood bully, and was quarrelsome when intoxicated.

BUILDING FALLS INTO DEBRIS.

Collapse on Top of the People Who Tenants It—Two Deaths Certain.

St. Paul, June 22.—A waterfront, S. D., special to The Pioneer Press says: At 7 o'clock last night the city was startled by the general fire alarm and a terrible shock, accompanied by a loud report. The fire department quickly responded to the scene on Oak street, where the Mulholland building was found in ruins. This was a large two-story brick building occupied by Berg Olsen as a saloon, and the upper story filled with roomers. The walls gave way without any warning at a time when the saloon was full of people, many of whom had come from the country to town to see Ringling Bros' circus. Their names cannot be ascertained at this writing.

The building is a total ruin, and the entire walls have fallen into the basement. Those who were known to be in the building and have been gotten out are: David Ball, right rib broken; S. McDowell, cut about head; D. W. Bradley, badly cut about the head and injured in Mrs. Austin, cut about the head and shoulders; Dave Wallerhouse, will die; Phillip Patterson, dead when found. The fire department is at work on the wreck, as there are some bodies thought to be under the debris.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, June 22.—Scores at ball made by League clubs yesterday were as follows: At Pittsburgh—Chicago 6, Pittsburgh 2; at Cincinnati—St. Louis 3, Cincinnati 3; at Washington—Philadelphia 2, Washington 9; at Brooklyn—Boston 11, Brooklyn 6; at Baltimore—New York 6, Baltimore 2; (second game) New York 6, Baltimore 5; at Cleveland—Louisville 6, Cleveland 5. Western League: At Columbus—Detroit 2, Columbus 13; at Grand Rapids—Indianapolis 10, Grand Rapids 11; at Kansas City—Minneapolis 7, Kansas City 11; at Milwaukee—St. Paul 4, Milwaukee 3.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Pennsylvania has a deficit of \$3,500,000 because the legislatures have been appropriating more money than they have provided.

Captain Boycott, whose name was used by the Irish Land Leaguers to express their ardent moralism, and who was its first victim, is dead.

The New York Herald has a story that the sugar trust is considering a plan to buy Cuba and turn it into an immense sugar plantation.

Grasshoppers have made their appearance in some of the northern towns in Wisconsin, but they are confined almost wholly to old meadows and abandoned clearings as yet.

Miss Clara Borg, of Englewood (Chicago suburb), has sued Frank A. Swanson, of Chesterton, Ind., for breach of promise. She asks for \$5,000 damages.

Edward Fields, 8 years old, lost his watch out in a field in Fountain Prairie, Columbia county, Wis., now owned by Wash Loomis. Omer Loomis, while cultivating the field one day last week, found the watch.

Obituary: At Perry, Mich. Rev. Theodore P. Barnum. At Janesville, Wis., Otto George Biedern, 36. At Brooklyn, N. Y., George W. Brown, 72.

Ex-Mayor Swift of Chicago, is in Washington to ask congress to place a duty of 1 cent on every pineapple brought into this country. Swift represents the interest of himself and other Florida growers.

About 100 farmers in the western part of Manitowish county, Wis., have pulled up stakes and removed to Minnesota. The exodus is said to have been occasioned by the cold and backward spring and other unfavorable conditions.

Fred Arndt died within twenty minutes of jumping from a fast-moving electric car at Chicago. A gust of wind carried off his hat. He jumped from the car and lit on his head, fracturing his skull.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Lively Fight Going on in the Ohio Republican Camp.

HANNA VERSUS FORAKER ET AL.

The Prize Being the State Chairmanship—Dick Hanna's Man and Kurtz the Bushnell Choice—Ex-Gov. Boies Willing to Accept a Fusion Nomination in the Hawkeye State—Silver Alen Gathering—Milliken's Successor Elected.

Toledo, O., June 22.—The Republican leaders here gathered for the state convention are engaged in a pretty fight, the question being whether Major Dick or Chairman Kurtz shall be the head of the campaign committee. Kurtz is there now and is supported by Governor Bushnell, who can be the nominee of the convention, but who is said to be inclined to refuse if Kurtz is rejected. Foraker is also for Kurtz, while Hanna is backing Dick. Governor Bushnell and Major Dick had a long conference last night. The party leaders got them together, but no compromise could be reached. Senators Foraker and Hanna were both conferred with by wire before the conference. While Governor Bushnell represented Chairman Kurtz and Senator Foraker, as well as the probable state nominees, it was impossible for Major Dick to speak for Senator Hanna and others.

Had a Brief Armistice.

There was a sort of armistice during the hours of this conference, but after midnight the contest proceeded as during the day. Senator Hanna promised to be here this morning to confer with Governor Bushnell, and there will be strong efforts to get an understanding before the district meetings of delegates in the afternoon. The Kurtz men call attention to the fact that Hanna was appointed senator by Governor Bushnell, against whom the fight is now waged as well as against Kurtz.

Brigham May Run for Governor.

Late last night the leaders in the movement to make Major Dick chairman of the campaign committee were in conference, and it is said that J. H. Brigham, first assistant secretary of agriculture, was decided on as the candidate for governor, in the event Governor Bushnell should decline on account of the defeat of Chairman Kurtz. Secretary Brigham arrived here yesterday from Washington.

BOIES WILL RUN IF WANTED.

Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists of Iowa are Gathering.

Des Moines, Ia., June 22.—Ex-Governor Horace Boies will not attend the fusion conventions here this week, but will not decline a nomination for governor if it is tendered to him. The statement is made on the best authority. The ex-governor says he does not want the nomination and is not seeking it, but intimates to friends privately that he could not shirk party duty.

The Democrats, silver Republicans and Populists who are to hold their state conventions in this city tomorrow have commenced to assemble. The candidates with their backers are nearly all on the ground. There is much speculation as to how the conventions will be merged into one policy and one set of candidates. There are slight differences which may become acute. The harmonizers have their hands full. The leading candidates for governor just now are Fred White, of Webster; ex-Governor Boies, of Waterloo, and J. R. Burgess, of Ottumwa. Boies has been gaining and White losing. For judge of the supreme court there is some opposition to Chief Justice Kinne, who has almost been conceded the nomination. The dissatisfaction grows out of the fact that while he voted for Bryan he has not recanted on gold. The triple convention will be one of the largest gatherings ever held in the state. The platform will be for silver, 16 to 1.

PROF. BATEMAN IN WAR PAINT.

Maine Populist Leader is Out for the Scalp of W. J. Bryan.

Lewiston, Me., June 22.—Professor L. C. Bateman, of Auburn, who was the candidate of the People's party of Maine for governor last year, and who is a leader of the "middle-of-the-road" forces in this state, has published an attack on William J. Bryan. Professor Bateman says that Populist Representative Freeman Knowles, of South Dakota, while on his recent trip to his old home in Skowhegan, Me., gave out the information that Bryan's recent gift of \$1,500 to the Populist national committee was made with the distinct understanding that no action against fusion be taken by the People's party before the next national convention.

This Professor Bateman says, is nothing more nor less than a direct bribery. Professor Bateman also says that Bryan has appended his (Bateman's) name to Senator Allen's letter of notification given out last September. Bateman was secretary of the notification committee, but did not sign the letter in question. He says that Bryan's action in printing his name on the letter in his book is an act of political forgery. Professor Bateman is a delegate to the "middle-of-the-road" national conference at Nashville, Tenn., July 4. He says he will bring these matters before that body.

Meeting of Bimetallist Leaguers.

Cincinnati, June 22.—The convention of the Ohio Valley Bimetallist League will be called to order this morning at Pike's Opera House by its president, Jephtha Garrard, after which temporary officers and special committees will be chosen and a speech by Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, will be heard. Hon. William J. Bryan will arrive this morning to address the convention.

Milliken's Successor Elected.

Augusta, Me., June 22.—E. C. Burleigh, of this city, was yesterday elected to congress from the Third district, to succeed Seth L. Milliken, deceased. The victory was an easy one over Frederick W. Plalsted, the Democratic candidate. The Populist vote was meagre.

Murder the Result of Jealousy.

Louisville, June 22.—Thomas Jenkins, a cigarmaker, was shot and killed yesterday morning at his home by William Quinn. The shooting is said to have been due to jealousy. Quinn made his escape after the shooting, and is still at large, with very little prospect of being caught at present.

CHICAGO POLICE SHAKE-UP.

Chief Kiple Issues an Order Which Makes Many Changes.

Chicago, Ill., June 21.—Chief Kiple's long delayed general order has been issued, and in consequence the police department is ripped up from stem to stern. One hundred and sixty men, from captains down, are affected by it, the majority of changes being promotions and reductions. Men who have spent the greater part of their lives in the service are discharged, retired or reduced. Some of them are paying for homes, and to be thrown out without warning is a hardship. No mercy is shown by Chief Kiple to old and faithful policemen. He swung his ax right and left, and the ground from South Chicago to Rogers Park is strewn with decapitated and disabled policemen.

The order is the best kind of a lesson in favor of civil service. Had the men who are affected been under the protecting wing of civil service Chief Kiple or Mayor Harrison could not have harmed them. Civil service has never been favorably received by a great majority of the police force. The eyes of these men have now been opened to the situation. They have seen what a chief of police can do with a man who is not a civil service appointee. Chief Kiple's object lesson has made hundreds of adherents to civil service who formerly were opposed to it.

The changes made in the order are of this character: Captains retired 1; sergeants promoted to captains, 2; capable men reduced to lieutenants, 1; captains discharged 1; lieutenants reduced to patrolmen, 9; detectives promoted to lieutenants, 1; lieutenants discharged, 4; patrolmen promoted, 31; sergeants made lieutenants, 14; lieutenants made sergeants, 5; detectives (Central) made patrol sergeants, 14; detectives discharged, 3; patrolmen discharged, 1; sergeants reduced, 40; sergeants discharged, 6.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BELOIT.

Distinguished Visitors Assemble to Hear the Baccalaureate Address.

Beloit, Wis., June 21.—The golden jubilee of Beloit college is now in full blast. Every event in the college history is the history of the community, for the college was here long before most other interests. The annual address before the Christian association was given by Rev. James D. Eaton of Chihuahua, Mex., class '69, a brother of President Eaton, and a successful missionary. He spoke of the progress of civilization in Mexico the last half century, applying his thought to Beloit's history.

The baccalaureate sermon in the chapel Sunday afternoon drew an immense audience. The students and alumni were seated first and then whoever could obtain a seat. About 800 were accommodated. The crowd of persons and teams about the campus recalled the first gathering ever held on the college grounds. It was on July 4, 1846. The college ground was all there was of the college then, and a great patriotic and temperance rally was held there. There were no decorations save a few vases of roses on the pulpit. The faculty occupied their usual places on the platform, the venerable Professor Joseph Emmerson being at the left of President Eaton's chair and the other veterans, Professor William Porter, at the right. The music by the male chorus, with Professor Allen as organist, was excellent. Rev. S. W. Eaton, father of the president, offered prayer.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT DEAD.

First Man Subjected to the "Boycott" in Ireland Passes Away.

London, June 21.—Captain Boycott is dead. He was about 55 years of age and became famous through being the first man subjected to the "boycott" in Ireland. He was a land agent in 1881 in the Connemara section of County Mayo, where he collected rents for a number of landlords, notably the Earl of Erne. The captain made a speech in the course of which he urged the people of Ireland to abstain from agrarian crimes and to adopt instead a policy of sending harsh landlords, agents and bailiffs "to Coventry." The old term for boycotting. Events so shaped themselves that Captain Boycott was the first man the Irish experimented on in this connection, and hence the now familiar word of "boycott."

California's Earthquake.

San Francisco, June 21.—Late reports regarding the earthquake show that it was quite severe at Salina, the county seat of Monterey county. The more prominent buildings damaged are the armory of Troop G, which had its walls badly cracked and parted; the Nance building, in process of construction, will have to be taken down, and the Farmers' Union building. The latter had an old crack in the front opened four inches for a length of several feet, and is three inches wide. In the interior of the latter building bricks fell and the plastering was damaged. The Salinas hotel, the Jenfrey, Abbott, and Bardine houses all suffered more or less.

Preacher Saves a Baby.

Owosso, Mich., June 21.—The Rev. Fred Scholl of Adrian, who is attending the conference of the Evangelical synod, proved himself a hero by saving the life of the 16-month-old child of Ralph Hanna. Mr. Scholl was passing the Hanna residence when the servant girl came running out and informed him the child was in the cistern, and without waiting to remove any of his clothing he plunged in. The child had been in the water some time, but the preacher succeeded in rescuing it in time so that an hour's hard work by a physician saved its life.

Van Nortwick Settles Up.

Appleton, Wis., June 21.—A complete settlement has been reached with the Van Nortwick creditors and the assignees have been discharged. The manufacturing companies in the Fox River Valley and elsewhere were Monday turned over to the owners.

The Wisconsin properties of John S. Van Nortwick of Appleton came through practically without loss. The losses fall principally upon W. N. Van Nortwick and the Western Paper Bag company.

Will Run on Full Time.

Minneapolis, June 21.—The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul shops in this city, which have been running on reduced time since November last, are to run on full time beginning next Monday. About 600 workmen are affected by the orders just issued and the payroll will be increased from \$20,000 to \$40,000 monthly.

WORK ON THE TARIFF.

Agreement on Wool Schedule is Practically Reached.

BUT YET NOT READY TO GIVE OUT.

Delay Is Due to the Absence from the Capital of Senator Quay—Rates Not Exactly Satisfactory to Advocates of High Wool Tariffs, but They Will Likely Be Accepted with Little Protest—Other Washington News of Interest.

Washington, June 21.—The senate finance committee has practically reached a conclusion on the wool schedule of the tariff bill, but it will not be officially announced at present. It was on this account the wool schedule was passed over when reached in the senate Monday. The delay is due to the absence from the city of Quay, who is opposed to the increase proposed on carpet wools, which, it is believed, would be injurious to the interests of the numerous carpet manufacturers in Pennsylvania. Quay is expected to return very shortly and make a protest, but it now looks as though the rates agreed upon will be reported. He may, however, secure a modification which will insure the use of wools imported as carpet wools purely for the purpose. The complaint of the wool men is that much of the wool imported as carpet wool is used for other purposes. The carpet makers admit the injustice of this practice, but say that restrictions can be provided in the way of bonds or otherwise which will obviate the difficulties and at the same time allow the wool required in their business to come in at a rate which will be satisfactory to them.

Rates Agreed Upon.

Following are the rates which the finance committee has indicated a willingness to grant: First-class, 10 cents per pound; second-class, 11 cents; third-class, if worth over 10 cents per pound, 8 cents; if worth less than 10 cents, 4 cents. These rates are not entirely satisfactory to the advocates of high wool tariffs, but there is reason to believe that they will be accepted with but little, if any, protest. The rate is 1 cent less on both first and second-class wools than that allowed in the house bill, but the provision made for third-class wool is so much more satisfactory than that made by the house that they are inclined to congratulate themselves upon the result of their agitation and to leave the matter where these figures place it. It is now believed that a caucus on the wool subject will be unnecessary on account of the prospect of a general acceptance of the committee's proposition.

Broker Seymour Acquitted.

Washington, June 21.—Judge Bradley Monday morning instructed the jury to acquit Broker Seymour, on trial for alleged contempt of the senate sugar trust investigating committee. The ground was that Seymour had not been legally summoned. Broker Macartney will be tried later.

Paper Schedule Finished.

Washington, June 21.—The senate Monday skipped the wool schedule, and taking up the paper schedule finished it in thirty-five minutes, agreeing to all the finance committee's propositions.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BELOIT.

Distinguished Visitors Assemble to Hear the Baccalaureate Address.

Beloit, Wis., June 21.—The golden jubilee of Beloit college is now in full blast. Every event in the college history is the history of the community, for the college was here long before most other interests. The annual address before the Christian association was given by Rev. James D. Eaton of Chihuahua, Mex., class '69, a brother of President Eaton, and a successful missionary. He spoke of the progress of civilization in Mexico the last half century, applying his thought to Beloit's history.

The baccalaureate sermon in the chapel Sunday afternoon drew an immense audience. The students and alumni were seated first and then whoever could obtain a seat. About 800 were accommodated. The crowd of persons and teams about the campus recalled the first gathering ever held on the college grounds. It was on July 4, 1846. The college ground was all there was of the college then, and a great patriotic and temperance rally was held there. There were no decorations save a few vases of roses on the pulpit. The faculty occupied their usual places on the platform, the venerable Professor Joseph Emmerson being at the left of President Eaton's chair and the other veterans, Professor William Porter, at the right. The music by the male chorus, with Professor Allen as organist, was excellent. Rev. S. W. Eaton, father of the president, offered prayer.

California's Earthquake.

San Francisco, June 21.—Late reports regarding the earthquake show that it was quite severe at Salina, the county seat of Monterey county. The more prominent buildings damaged are the armory of Troop G, which had its walls badly cracked and parted; the Nance building, in process of construction, will have to be taken down, and the Farmers' Union building. The latter had an old crack in the front opened four inches for a length of several feet, and is three inches wide. In the interior of the latter building bricks fell and the plastering was damaged. The Salinas hotel, the Jenfrey, Abbott, and Bardine houses all suffered more or less.

Preacher Saves a Baby.

Owosso, Mich., June 21.—The Rev. Fred Scholl of Adrian, who is attending the conference of the Evangelical synod, proved himself a hero by saving the life of the 16-month-old child of Ralph Hanna. Mr. Scholl was passing the Hanna residence when the servant girl came running out and informed him the child was in the cistern, and without waiting to remove any of his clothing he plunged in. The child had been in the water some time, but the preacher succeeded in rescuing it in time so that an hour's hard work by a physician saved its life.

Van Nortwick Settles Up.

Appleton, Wis., June 21.—A complete settlement has been reached with the Van Nortwick creditors and the assignees have been discharged. The manufacturing companies in the Fox River Valley and elsewhere were Monday turned over to the owners.

The Wisconsin properties of John S. Van Nortwick of Appleton came through practically without loss. The losses fall principally upon W. N. Van Nortwick and the Western Paper Bag company.

Will Run on Full Time.

Minneapolis, June 21.—The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul shops in this city, which have been running on reduced time since November last, are to run on full time beginning next Monday. About 600 workmen are affected by the orders just issued and the payroll will be increased from \$20,000 to \$40,000 monthly.

Frants to Die in October.

Dayton, O., June 21.—The circuit court Monday presented its decision in the application of Albert J. Frantz, condemned murderer of Bessie Little, for a new trial. The decision was handed down by Judges Shearer, Summers and Wilson, and overrules the motion and appointed Friday, Oct. 15 as the day upon which the prisoner is to be electrocuted at Columbus. The attorneys of the prisoner will make an effort to get the case before the supreme court.

Sorg Out for Free Silver.

Cincinnati, June 21.—An interview with Hon. Paul Sorg of Middletown, O., is published here, in which he is made to say that the political fight this year should be made for free silver, clean cut and alone. He declares himself for the free and unlimited coinage of the moneys of the constitution at the ratio of 16 to 1. Mr. Sorg is spoken of as a candidate for governor.

RECORD DAY ON THE TARIFF.

Senate Goes Through Fifty-Six Pages of the Bill—End Not Far Off.

Washington, June 22.—The senate made giant strides on the tariff bill yesterday, covering fifty-six pages and establishing a record for progress during this tariff debate. The last two schedules of the dutiable list, covering paper and manufactured sundries, were completed, with the exception of the paragraphs on hides, gloves, coal and some lesser articles, which went over. This advanced the senate to the first list, which was taken up at 2 p. m. and completed in three hours. Early in the day the wool and silk schedules went over with an agreement that wool would be taken up today. After that the tobacco schedule, the reciprocity provisions and the internal revenue portions of the bill, as well as the many isolated paragraphs passed over, remain to be considered. The progress yesterday was so marked, however, that for the first time there was a feeling that the end was not far off.

The house passed a bill to appropriate \$100,000 for the repair of dry dock No. 3 at the New York navy yard, and after receiving a favorable report on a joint resolution permitting foreign exhibitors at the Omaha exposition under stringent provisions to bring laborers into the United States to take charge of exhibits, adjourned until Thursday.

Two Women Killed in a Runaway.

Dubuque, Ia., June 22.—Mrs. Maria Jones Hay, daughter of the late General Jones, and her cousin, Mrs. Scott, of Chicago, an elderly woman, were instantly killed in a runaway at noon yesterday. The ladies attended a funeral with the wife of D. D. Myers. They occupied a two-seated buggy, drawn by a single horse. Mrs. Myers was driving. While descending a street with a heavy grade the hold-back strap broke and the horse dashed down the hill. Mrs. Myers was first to jump and was only slightly injured. Mrs. Hay was thrown against the gutter and her neck was broken and skull crushed. Mrs. Scott remained in the rear seat until the horse plunged off the street into a yard below. She fell against the curb.

Woman Charged with Forgery.

Eau Claire, Wis., June 22.—A great sensation has been created here by an application made to district attorney for the arrest on a charge of forgery of a prominent woman residing in this city. It is claimed that she has disposed of bogus paper during the past few years on the strength of her husband's name to the extent of about \$5,000. The specific case on which the prosecution may be instituted is that she gave a note purporting to bear her husband's signature to another woman and it came into the hands of a local manufacturer who wants to collect it.

Conference on the Iron Scale.

Pittsburg, June 22.—The iron scale conference of the Amalgamated Association and manufacturers has been fixed for June 30 at Youngstown, O. Trouble is expected to arise between the Association will insist upon the \$4.50 puddling rate, while the manufacturers are opposed to paying more than \$4.

Kentuckians Against Buckner.

Frankfort, Ky., June 22.—The Kentucky contingent of the Confederate veterans will go to the coming reunion at Nashville resolutely determined to prevent if possible the election of General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky, as commander-in-chief of Confederate veterans.

Could Not Save Durrant.

Portland, Or., June 22.—A. S. Austin, the California lawyer who asserted that he could furnish evidence which would save Theodore Durrant from the gallows, has been adjudged insane and will be taken to the asylum.

New York Tailors' Strike Ends.

New York, June 22.—The great tailors' strike, which at one time involved about 20,000 hands, is ended. The last of the contractors surrendered to the men yesterday.

Caught by Bertillon's System.

Indianapolis, June 21.—Last winter Freeman James Redmond was shot and killed by one of three men who were attempting to rob a store. Two men were arrested at once for the crime and are still in jail. Yesterday it was given out that the murderer is James Burton, alias James Emmett, now in the Tennessee penitentiary for burglary. Burton was located through the Bertillon system of measurements. When charged with the crime he confessed.

Window Glass Factory Burned.

Muncie, Ind., June 21.—The window glass factory at Orestes, eighteen miles west of Muncie, burned last night. No particulars can be secured, the news being brought here by persons on a passing train. The factory is owned by the United States Glass company, together with like plants at Ottawa and Streator, Ill. The factory employed 400 people and the loss, if total, will be \$100,000.

Good Family, but a Thief.

Indianapolis, June 21.—Myers T. Dashiell, bookkeeper for the Indiana National bank

SECURED GREELEY.

HOW THE GREAT EDITOR'S HAND-WRITING SERVED A TURN.

Its illegibility was taken advantage of by the Manager of the Country Fair, and the People of Oswego Falls Saw and Heard the Lion of the Day.

Every compositor who ever put in type any of Horace Greeley's copy will testify to the fact that his handwriting was almost illegible. It was the despair of the composing room, and even Greeley himself couldn't always decipher it. A man who was many years ago president of the Oswego County Agricultural association said several days ago that he had good reason on one occasion to be thankful that Mr. Greeley's writing was hard to decipher. This fact secured for him a star attraction at the fair which he could not have obtained otherwise. The association of which he was president made a great effort each year to outdo rival associations in its fair, and one of its regular attractions was a distinguished speaker who delivered an address to the crowd on any subject that he might select.

"When I was made president," said the ex-officer of the association, "I was young and ambitious. I wanted to give the best fair that ever had been held at Oswego Falls, and I was willing to work hard to accomplish such a result. Long beforehand I stirred up the farmers to raise big squashes and pumpkins, and I prepared a good schedule of horse races. I secured a man to make a balloon ascension, and all that was lacking in my programme was the speaker.

"At that time Mr. Greeley was the most conspicuous man in the United States. We all wanted to see him and hear him speak. He was a very busy man, however, and I knew that we had about no chance in ten of securing him. I determined to take that chance. After much preliminary thought and many consultations with others I prepared and sent to him a very creditable invitation to attend our fair and deliver an address on any subject that he chose. I assured him that he would find only friends in his audience, and I said that we had long looked for such an opportunity to hear him. Two days later the village postmaster told me that he had a letter that he thought was addressed to me. I had heard a good deal about Greeley's handwriting, and I knew at once that this was my reply from Mr. Greeley. When I opened the envelope, I found a sheet of paper on which were irregular scrawls that I couldn't decipher. With several of my friends I puzzled over it a long time, but I could not read it. I remembered that the editor of our paper had at one time been familiar with Mr. Greeley's handwriting, and I took the letter to him. He was a little out of practice, but he deciphered it after half an hour's examination. Mr. Greeley regretted that he was unable to accept our invitation. That was a great disappointment to me. I thought it over, and suddenly it dawned on me that there was just a chance that I might by strategy get Mr. Greeley to Oswego Falls after all. I sent him another letter that must have staggered him. Mr. Greeley was well aware of the fact that his writing was almost illegible, and he was never much surprised when his letters were misconstrued. I simply took advantage of that, and in my second letter I thanked him for accepting our invitation. To leave him no loophole for escape, I told him that we had begun to distribute handbills announcing the fact that he was going to deliver the address at the fair, and I added that I had ordered the printers to place his name in big letters on our three sheet posters. I knew that when he got my letter he would conclude that we had read his letter declining the invitation as a letter of acceptance, and I hoped when he learned how far we had gone with our printing that he would conclude to come.

"We received no reply from Mr. Greeley, but from time to time we sent him our posters and information about the fair and the town. A week before the day set for the address we sent him a time table and told him on what train we should look for him. I was uneasy all this time, because I knew that if Mr. Greeley didn't turn up I should be blamed. When the day for the great event arrived, I went to the station to await the train. Sure enough, Mr. Greeley was on board. I introduced myself to him as the man who had sent him the invitation and who had received his very kind acceptance. Mr. Greeley looked at me closely, and there was a suspicion of a smile on his face. "You had no difficulty in reading my letter," he said.

"Well, it was a little hard to decipher it at first," I replied, "and we were in doubt for a few minutes whether you had said 'Yes' or 'No' to our invitation. When we did decipher the letter, we were very much pleased to find that you had agreed to come."

"Humph!" said Mr. Greeley expressively. "You ordered your posters at once, didn't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "we wanted every one to know what an attraction we had to offer."

"Mr. Greeley again looked at me closely, as if he were a bit suspicious. He delivered the address, and the largest crowd in the history of the association heard him. Whether he suspected the trick I had played on him I never discovered. He intimated to one of my friends that he had his suspicions, and he made the remark that I would make an excellent politician. That was his only comment. I still have Mr. Greeley's letter, and any one who will examine it will see how easily it might have been mistaken for an acceptance."—New York Sun.

Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression. We must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.—Johnson.

ELEPHANT NOT CLEVER.

The Popular Belief Contradicted by an English Writer.

The elephant possesses very charming characteristics and makes a very pleasant companion. For one thing he is not easily misled, and he is very obedient to the slightest hint given by his mahout.

In speed he is scarcely a record breaker, but he can get over the ground in his shuffling way at the rate of 15 miles an hour, when he likes.

There is one thing that he is not—he is not a really clever animal, in spite of all the tales in the story books to the contrary; otherwise he would not suffer himself to be so easily captured in the kheddabs, the huge forest inclosures into which the hunters drive the herds of elephants for the purpose of capture. All the actions which are apparently spontaneous on the part of the working elephant are really performed at the bidding of the mahout. The driver on his neck directs every movement by pressure of the knee, and as the man's knees are concealed under the elephant's ears it is very easy to imagine that the elephant thinks for himself.

When the mahout elects, for a change, to sit on the saddle, or pad, he drives with his feet, and the dumb eye can detect how a rub of the heel on the right shoulder turns the elephant to the left, and vice versa.

After his tractability his gentleness is the elephant's most marked characteristic. The mahout takes cruel advantage of his disposition sometimes, thrashing him on the toe nail with a billet of wood, or—if free from risk of discovery by his European master—pricking his trunk with a spear till blood flows.

An elephant has rarely been known to retaliate save when it must. When that curious madness comes on him, no one dares approach him in his pickets. If he be taken in must, and the fact escape notice, the consequences are likely to be awkward at least.

In a suburb of Rangun an elephant belonging to a firm of rice merchants was one afternoon taken down to the river for his usual bath after work. He had, the mahout said, been "dull" all day and seemed out of sorts. He was in must. He signified the fact by seizing his mahout and tossing the astonished man into the water; then he ran into the "go down" close by and, with one squeal, dismissed some 200 coolies at work there.

The go down was a huge palisade shed, covering over an acre and was full of loose paddy (unhusked rice) and stacks of bags and grain. For two nights and two days that elephant enjoyed himself among those stacks. Spearsmen, posted round the palisade wall, kept him in, and one might have supposed 40 elephants bent on mischief had been there instead of one mad one. At last he was made prisoner with the aid of two big tuskers and chained up until such time as he should recover himself.—London Sketch.

LIFE IN THE POLAR SEAS.

Plenty of Bears, Birds and Narwhals. Millions of Fiddlers and Fleas.

It is evident, according to Nansen, that the waters of the polar seas are far from being deserted by living creatures. Wherever the sea is open or partially so seals, narwhals and birds abound, and on the heaps of ice near the edge of the water the bears are numerous. Under the ice marine animals are not wanting. The explorers found in abundance little crustaceans, whose discovery was the result of an accident.

One day the cook sunk a piece of meat in a hole which he had cut in the ice with a view of thawing it out. That is a method often resorted to for the purpose of sparing the fuel. Forty-eight hours afterward, while taking out the meat, the cook was astonished to find an immense number of little animals that dropped upon the surface of the ice and commenced to jump about like fleas. Nansen, who is a professor of zoology, had no trouble in recognizing these little crustaceans, which may be seen jumping in the sand, and which are called sand fleas. He was delighted at the discovery, because the creatures are good to eat, although they contain but little nourishment.

A few months later on, when in 78 or 80 degrees north latitude, in October—that is to say, at the beginning of the long winter night—he fished up in a little net with close meshes a quantity of little crustaceans. This proves that life is by no means suspended under the ice; on the contrary, it is very active. In the mud of the bottom, where the water is shallow, there are numerous starfish, mollusks, worms, sponges and several species of crustacea.—Journal des Debats.

The Roman Fisherman.

A traveler in Rome tells of a citizen who was evidently too lazy to sit on the bank of the Tiber and fish after the manner of the ordinary fisherman, but instead arranged his apparatus in the form of automatic nets, which are made to revolve by the aid of weights and the current of the stream, so that it is not necessary for him to visit the spot oftener than once a day. With the aid of a pneumatic tube to shoot the fish from the bank to his house it would seem to be unnecessary for him to do even this. Nothing would be lacking then to complete his happiness but an electric boiler and possibly an automatic bone extractor.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Measure of Distance.

"How far is it from here to Brushburg?" asked a tourist of an old fellow who was hoeing weeds in a field of sickly corn "down south." "Is it far?" "Waal, it hain't so very far nor it hain't so very nigh. If you go round by the big road, it's farder nor it is nigh, but if you cut across country it's nigher nor it is fer, an if you keep right straight ahead it's kinder betwixt nigh an fer, but it's considerable of a jaunt from hyar no matter how you git thar."—Harper's Bazar.

EXERCISE FOR BABY.

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEWS ON THIS VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Influence of Repressed Activity on the Growth and Development of Infants. This Authority Declares Positively For Freedom of Movement.

"Infantile Athletics" was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the section on pediatrics of the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Henry Ling Taylor.

"When one considers the important physiological effects of muscular activity," said Dr. Taylor, "it is apparent that the human organism is imperfectly adapted to a sluggish or sedentary existence. Medical practice, at least in the cities, is largely made up of disorders which are distinctly traceable to the neglect of proper exercise. Primitive man, being obliged to hunt and fight in order to exist, was of necessity athletic, and now that the struggle has in a measure been shifted from brawn to brain, men still find it advantageous to train their muscles in sports and games. When the important relation of muscular activity to nutrition, respiration, circulation and elimination is recalled, this wholesome instinct easily finds its vindication. Every muscular mass is in an important sense a supplementary heart and a supplementary kidney. The lungs are never thoroughly ventilated, except through vigorous exercise. Moreover, the nervous and muscular elements are so intimately related as to form practically but one system. Education and progress come through motor and sensory experience—that is, largely through muscular activity. Growth itself is influenced by exercise.

"Dr. H. G. Beyer of the United States Naval academy has shown that not only do those cadets who take systematic gymnastic training largely exceed those who do not in average gain in weight, lung capacity and strength, but that their average gain in height during the four years is greater by over an inch. The cadets range in age from 16 to 21 years, and it is probable that appropriate exercise would have similar if not greater effect in children.

"It is even more true of the infant than of the adult that the kind and degree of habitual muscular activity will largely determine the structure of the body and the tone of the mind and character. It is more true because the infant is more incomplete and more plastic. The newborn babe is, as it were, but half made. Its organs are immature, its activities restricted, and they will never attain full and harmonious development except under the stimulus of use. It is not without significance that exercise is begun five months or more before birth, and that the infant appears upon the scene with a kick and a cry. Though among the most helpless of nature's children, the infant comes with considerable training and some remarkable muscular endowments, as, for instance, the well known ability to support itself by grasping a horizontal rod. In waking hours the small limbs practice constant and vigorous movements, superficially aimed, but important in producing tissue changes fundamental to nutrition, as well as in furnishing sensory and motor experience necessary to mental and bodily growth, development and power.

"At 8 months of age the baby finds its hands and begins to reach out for and hold objects; at 8 or 9 months it creeps; at 12 or 14 it walks, and so progresses from simple to complex purposive movements and to such adjustments as put it in more comfortable and intimate relation with its surroundings.

"Since the infant has such ample endowments and spontaneous impulses to wholesome activity, our first and most important care must be to avoid undue interference or repression. It is interesting to observe what pains some uncivilized mothers take that the wrappings and appliances needful to protect the baby shall not prevent freedom of movement. In describing Indian infancy and the use of the portable cradle Mrs. Fletcher says: 'It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept up all the time. Every day the baby is bathed and placed on a robe or blanket to kick and crawl to its heart's content, but when the family cares call the mother away he is put into the cradle, with his arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hook which encircles the head of this little portable bed.'

"What a refreshing contrast to the insipid experiences of our overdraped, overcoddled youngsters. Still, rough exercises are not required for civilized babies. They will attend to their own gymnastics, if not prevented. It is evident that the movements of the trunk and limbs should not be impeded with wrappings. Baby's activity should have free play. At the start we are confronted with the conventional bellyband; if tightly adjusted, it must exert injurious pressure; if too loosely adjusted, it gets displaced and rolls into a contracting string. When adjusted with a proper degree of snugness, it may be innocuous, but its benefits outweigh its disadvantages? The clothing should be loose and simple, fitting in successive layers, so that all can be put on at once.

"When it comes to artificial exercises for the baby, there are few prevalent among us that seem calculated to help him. Monotonous jarring, shaking and trotting are undesirable, if not harmful. When the idea is once grasped that a good, hearty cry is an admirable chest expander, there is less temptation to this form of parental indulgence, for it will usually be found that the baby is trotted for the sake of the trotter rather than for its own. Peevishness is of course undesirable. If due to indigestion or other physical ailments, the baby should be treated; if complicated by overindulgence, the treatment should be tempered with discipline which should not stop with the child."

TRADES THAT KILL.

Occupations That Gradually Destroy the Lives of the Men Engaged in Them.

People are afraid to travel by land or sea and take out all sorts of accident policies, but there are many legitimate occupations or trades that kill as certainly and steadily as the most ill regulated steam engine. An old writer said that human life was the cheapest thing on earth. Strange to say, says an English trade journal, you cannot frighten the workmen who know how dangerous is their trade, and not even higher wages will tempt them from such death traps. Lead, in the form of bullets and shot, is a deadly, dangerous thing, but it is also death dealing to all who use it in their work, as house painters, gilders, calico printers, type foundries, potters and braziers.

Mercury is a foe to life. Those who make mirrors, barometers or thermometers, who etch or color wool or felt, will soon feel the effect of the nitrate of mercury in teeth, gums and the tissues of the body. Silver kills those who handle it, and photographers, makers of hair dyes and ink and other preparations are long turn gray, while a deadly weariness subdues them, and soon they succumb. Copper enters into the composition of many articles of everyday life, and too soon those who work in bronzing and similar decorative processes lose teeth and eyesight and finally life. Makers of wall paper grow pale and sick from the arsenic in its coloring, and matchmakers lose strength and vitality from the excess of phosphorus used in their business.

Nitric acid is used by engravers, by etchers in copper, by makers of gun cotton and those who supply our homes with lovely picture frames. Its fumes are poison to the human lungs and soon destroy them completely. Ammonia kills the soapmakers; workers in guano grow deaf; hydrocyanic acid deals death to gilders, photographers and picture finishers, while zinc is a fatal foe to calico printers, makers of optical glasses and meerschaum pipes.

Mankind is by nature brave, and very few are deterred from action because of supposed danger. If the great builders and engineers of the world would stop and ask, "How many lives will this undertaking cost?" it is probable that the world would be without some of the greatest triumphs of modern thought. Everyday life and common occupations are full of silent killers, and all around are workers who die in the harness and are true heroes without knowing it.

A FAMOUS GAMBLER.

Pat Sheedy's Word Invariably Taken as Security For a Loan.

"There isn't a sporting man in the United States who would refuse to stake Pat Sheedy at any game and ask no better security than his word," said one of Mr. Sheedy's friends on Saturday evening. "His reputation is known among bankers too. I remember a little incident that occurred in Boston a few years ago that illustrates this. Pat had spent some time in Saratoga and luck was against him. He came down to Boston, and the first night that he was in town he went against a faro game and it broke him. He didn't have enough left to pay his way back to New York. Pat walked into a certain bank in Boston whose president had the reputation of being a good fellow. He asked for the president, and when he had been ushered into the office he said: 'I came to borrow a small amount from your bank, \$1,000 in fact.'

"Pat, you know, looks like a prosperous, conservative business man, and evidently the president thought that he was."

"All right," was the reply. "We shall be glad to let you have the money. What is your security?"

"Simply my word."

"That won't do in the banking business. Who are you?"

"I am Pat Sheedy, the gambler," was the cool reply.

"It happened that the president knew him by reputation, and after a short talk with Pat he gave him the \$1,000 from his personal account. Two days later Pat came in and returned it. He had cleared it from the game and as much more."—New York Sun.

Photographs by Sugar Light.

A scientist has discovered that light may be produced from sugar. He has succeeded in taking several photographs by the light supplied by sugar only. The sugar was first exposed to a direct sunlight for two hours and then placed in a dark room. Immediately on being placed in the darkness the sunlight stored in the sugar began to glow, faintly at first, but quite brightly after a few minutes. After about 20 minutes, during which time the photographs were taken, the light began to die away and gradually went out. The photographs taken by sugar light are quite distinct, though not as clear as an ordinary photograph. The scientist who made this discovery declares that by exposing a sack of sugar to strong sunlight for two hours enough light could be procured from it to illumine a small house for the same period.—London Tit-Bits.

Discomfited.

An amusing story is told of how the late Lord Fitzgerald discomfited a treasur officer who was sent over from England to complain of the excessive expenditure for coal in the lord chief justice's court. He received the man and listened gravely and formally while the latter stated his errand and enlarged upon the importance of economy in the matter of fuel. At the conclusion of the discourse he rang the bell, and when the servant appeared said, "Tell Mary that the man has come about the coals."

Progress.

"That singer has made great strides in the profession, hasn't she?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly, when she received an encore, she sang; now she usually smiles."—Brooklyn Life.

Motherhood.

A mother who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution. The child fairly drinks in health from its mother's robust constitution before birth, and from a healthy mother's milk after.

Is not that an incentive to prepare for a healthy maternity?

Do you know the meaning of what is popularly called those "longings," or cravings, which beset so many women during pregnancy?

There is something lacking in the mother's blood. Nature cries out and will be satisfied at all hazards.

One woman wants sour things, another wants sweets, another wants salt things, and so on.

The real need all the time is to enrich the blood so as to supply nourishment for another life, and to build up the entire generative system, so that the birth may be possible and successful.

If expectant mothers would fortify themselves with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for twenty years has sustained thousands of women in this condition, there would be fewer disappointments at birth, and they would not experience those annoying "longings."

In the following letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Whitney demonstrates the power of the Compound in such cases. She says:

"From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three, I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon relieved. After I was married, the doctor said I would never be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and a half. The next time I commenced at once and continued to take your Compound through the period of pregnancy, and I said then, if I went my full time and the baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old and is as healthy and hearty as one could wish.

"I am so thankful that I used your medicine, for it gave me the robust health to transmit to my child. I cannot express my gratitude to you; I never expected such a blessing. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—Mrs. L. Z. WHITNEY, 5 George St., E. Somerville, Mass.

RAKED UP HIS LATIN.

And Succeeded in Unearthing Terms That Startled the Waiter.

A western lawyer went into the Planters' cafe a few days ago. He had not always lived in the far west and in his college days in the east was well enough acquainted with the French bills of fare of swell New York restaurants. But out in his new home he had forgotten about soup au pot gras and pomme de terre a la duchesse. The fact that he could not read some of the delicacies on the menu exasperated him, and he proceeded to have fun with the waiter.

"Nothing here that I'd care for," said he to the claw hammered attendant. "We can serve you anything for dinner, sir," said the waiter, confident that he could please his customer before he got through with him.

"Have you sine qua non?"

The waiter stared.

"No-o, sir," he answered.

"What about bonmots? Have you any?"

"No, sir."

"Then let me have some nice iguis fatuus. That's good at this time of the year."

"We haven't got it."

"Bring me some tempus fugit then."

"That's out, too, sir."

"You must have a pluribus unum."

"This time the waiter looked bright."

"I've heard them speak about it in the kitchen. I'll go and see."

He came back empty handed and dejected. "We haven't got it," he stammered.

"Strange that I can't get any of these seasonable things. Try once more and find out if they have pro bono publico."

"I'll call Mr. Weaver," said the waiter, almost crazy by this time.

"Perhaps he can tell what you want."

The guest from the west caught him by the coattails.

"All right," said he, "and in the meantime bring me some roast beef and fried potatoes."

"We have it!" yelled the waiter in his delight at hearing of something that was obtainable, and he flew off to the kitchen and came back with the beef and the potatoes and Landlord Weaver in the wake.

The attorney and the hotel man had a good laugh at the expense of the unfortunate waiter, who confided to the chef in the kitchen that he had struck a man who must have been eating at Delmonico's all his life.—St. Louis Republic.

PRAYING BICYCLES.

Japanese Attach Prayer Wheels to the Hubs of Their Machines.

The bicycle is now employed to aid the pious Buddhist in praying with greater ease, but yet, as he hopes, with great effect. It is from the ingenious and enterprising country of Japan that this new departure is reported.

The Buddhist has always done his praying with the assistance of a wheel. The prayers are placed inside the wheel, which turns round, following the direction of the sun, and delivers up to heaven the prayers of the owner, or of all whose thoughts are fixed upon it. Some enormous wheels are capable of praying for thousands of people. This mode of worship may seem somewhat irresponsible to western people, but the Buddhist, who is a subtle reasoner, would be able to explain why it is satisfactory.

In various parts of the vast territory in which the Buddhist faith is held different motive powers are used in these prayer wheels. Some humble persons turn the wheel by hand, but not if they can help it. On the hills of Tibet, a great stronghold of pure Buddhism, the wheels are usually so built that the wind turns them. In other places they are moved by water power.

But it is obvious that wind must fall occasionally and that this may happen when the Buddhist is particularly in



need of copious prayer. Water power, too, is often lacking.

So the ingenious Jap now attaches a small prayer wheel to the hub of his bicycle, and when he takes a ride he combines worship with recreation. By giving a glance at his pedometer he can tell just how much praying he has done. He can also keep an accurate daily record, which will enable him to tell after a number of years just how much prayer stands to his credit. In this way Buddhism seems to have given a zest to bicycling which no other religion can supply.—New York Journal.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Showing What a Shotgun Can Do in a Load of Hay.

"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Haight at the Olympic Gun club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves in Sonoma county. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or perilous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had."

"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the country road and started for home. It was a good four miles' walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a big wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on top, lay down on the sweet, new mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when bang! went my shotgun. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump, and the driver rolled off into the ditch."

"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road. The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road."

"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and already I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran, and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers commenced getting hot, and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets commenced exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my doves broiling."

"I had just made up my mind that all was over, when the tail of my coat burned off and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor of the rancher, but cut straight across that field for home. That, gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—New York Press.

Swindled.

First Street Loafer—It's a shame, Bill, to think that any one would swindle a poor hard working man in that way.

Second Street Loafer—Why, what's your trouble?

First Street Loafer—Here I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a redbreasted Belgian canary, and I am blowed if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a bad half crown for it.—London Spare Moments.

The town in England best provided with places of worship is the ancient one of Rochdale, where there are 143 churches and chapels. Fifty belong to the church of England and 93 to the non-conformists. The church of England accommodates 24,449 and the non-conformists 61,850 persons in sittings.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richter.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY.)

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....\$3.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Post-office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.
All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Chicago Citizen Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

The Chicago Citizen Company.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
JOHN J. MAURON, WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JOHN T. KEATING, JOHN ROCHE,
JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHICAGO, JUNE 26, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

BOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"A Hot Member."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bells of Corneville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—McCaull Comie Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

"It is not strength, and it is not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—Thomas Davis.

THE TRIBUNE'S ORANGE HYENA LOOKS AGAIN.

It has seldom been our lot to read a more mendacious, cowardly and misleading article than the following, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune of last Wednesday morning:

THE UNGALLANT IRISH.

A Dublin dispatch says: At a meeting held near College Green in connection with the jubilee a black banner was displayed bearing the statement: During Victoria's reign 1,500,000 people have starved in this island, 3,000,000 have been evicted, and 4,000,000 have been compelled to emigrate.

There have been deaths in Ireland from famine. So have there been in India. But Queen Victoria was not responsible in either case. The great Irish famine was due to the fact that the inhabitants of an overpopulated island, whose sole industry was agriculture, depended for food almost exclusively on the potato. When that failed for two years the frightful suffering ensued. Why the English should be attacked on her jubilee day for something she had nothing to do with is not apparent. It does not smack of the usual chivalry of Irishmen.

The Tribune has contended so long that the Irish should have their rights that it will not be misunderstood when it states that one great trouble with Ireland is not that nature has not been prodigal in her gifts. The island has neither coal nor iron nor other minerals. It must be an agricultural country. Hence it cannot grow in population as manufacturing countries do. The island was overpopulated half a century ago. Emigration has been heavy for there has been nothing for the people to do.

It is claimed that the manufacturing industries of Ireland were crushed by unfriendly legislation. There was such legislation once, but that was many years ago. Manufactures do not flourish in Ireland, except that of flax, because the raw materials are not at hand. Nature did not give them.

Rents were unjustly high in Ireland. They have been reduced greatly, but the price of breadstuffs has kept on falling, owing to cheap foreign wheat, which hurts the English as much as it does the Irish wheat growers. So the Irish have gone to grazing and dairying.

But those industries do not support a large population. So the Irish have come to the United States to get a living. They have also crossed over to Great Britain to seek work. They have succeeded pretty well. They are found in the factories and in the mines. They are butlers and prosperous plumbers. They pass civil service examinations and get their share of the offices.

Possibly the Irish in Ireland would be more thriving if they consumed less liquor. They are proud of Father Mathew, but they do not follow his example. They contribute to the imperial revenues fifteen million dollars a year on account of spirits and then complain of being overtaxed. That is a tax they can get rid of when they see fit.

If a "home rule" (fight?) were in progress statements about evictions and emigration would be legitimate enough. They are not in place when an estimable old lady is celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation. The Irish would display more tact by displaying a little enthusiasm over her reign.

So "there have been deaths in Ireland from famine," as well as in India! Will the Tribune name another government, civilized or uncivilized, under which famine deaths by the million have occurred?

"The great Irish famine was due to the fact" that England permitted the landlords to rob the Irish farmers of their substance, in order to obtain their

fraudulent rents, and said substance was sold in England to fill the bellies of the greedy English, who never raise their own food in their own country to live upon. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in an article published in the Tribune of last Sunday, stated that Ireland was the fourth meat producing country in the world and the sixteenth in consumption. O'Connor cannot be contradicted. Who caused the discrepancy? The greedy English, who fatten on food robbed from the Irish.

The statement that "Ireland has neither coal, nor iron nor other minerals" is the statement of a wilful liar or an intolerable ignoramus. The Tribune should study a volume called "Kane's Resources of Ireland."

"The island was overpopulated half a century ago." This is another despicable lie, the offspring of malice, or ignorance, or both. Ireland has now about half its population of fifty years ago, and still the people are flying from its shores by the thousand, men, women and children—a perpetual exodus. Ireland, if governed by herself, could easily maintain 20,000,000 people, at least.

If the Tribune doubts that England looked ahead in crushing Irish manufacturers, let it study the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Union, which can be found in any Irish history. The last embargo on English goods was raised in 1820. The first famine came in 1823, and the crowing murder of the people in 1847, when Irish industries, under the operation of the Union Act, were utterly destroyed. Shame on the Tribune to falsify the truth of history! It should study James G. Blaine's great speech on Ireland, delivered in Portland, Me., June 1, 1886. One quotation from that speech will be sufficient to confute the dastardly Orange bigot of the Tribune:

"Let me here," said Mr. Blaine, "quote Lord Macaulay again, speaking of Ireland, whose territory is slightly less than the Territory of the State of Maine, perhaps 3,000 square miles less than this state. Lord Macaulay in the same speech says: 'In natural fertility Ireland is superior to any area of equal size in any European country.' Now I will give you his estimate of the position of Ireland toward England: 'Ireland is a country far more important to the prosperity, the strength, the dignity of the British empire than all our distant dependencies together—more important than the Canadas, West Indies, South Africa, Australia, Ceylon and the vast dominion of the Mogul.' If an Irishman had said that in America," continued Mr. Blaine, "people would exclaim: 'Did you ever hear such extravagance as comes from the Green Isle?'"

Mr. Blaine said, further on, that he could get no later official statistics than those of 1880, and the years that immediately preceded it. "In 1880 Ireland raised 4,000,000 bushels of wheat, 8,000,000 bushels of barley, 70,000,000 bushels of oats, 110,000,000 bushels of potatoes—within 60,000,000 of the whole product of the United States; 185,000,000 bushels of turnips and mangolds, 850,000,000 pounds of cabbage, 60,000,000 pounds of flax and 3,800,000 tons of hay. During 1880, she exported to England 700,000 head of cattle, 700,000 sheep and nearly 500,000 hogs, and yet in that territory, not quite so large as the State of Maine, and out of this magnificent abundance, the like of which has scarcely been known since the richness of Goshen, there are men in want of food who appeal to the charity of the stranger!"

Thus, out of his honored grave, the illustrious American statesman, James G. Blaine, answers and confutes the ignorant creature who degrades the columns of a great American newspaper to the level of a London Gutter Gazette, filled with lies and libels against Ireland and the Irish. Mr. Joseph Medill ought to be heartily ashamed of himself for permitting such an outrage to be perpetrated in his name. He, certainly, is not the Medill of old, or such stupid ruffianism would not be tolerated by him. If he wants to run his paper to please the British, the Orangemen, the Know-nothings and the bigots and blackguards of the country in general, we want to know it. We are sorry to have to say anything personally unpleasant to Mr. Medill, who is not as young, or as strong, as he used to be, and whom we have always liked; but personal considerations, even the most sacred, must give way before public duty. The CHICAGO CITIZEN is the champion of the Irish cause and the Irish people in this city, and it will not allow them to be assailed, vilified and outraged without returning fire.

Ireland was one of the first of wool producing countries, but England, for centuries, fought that industry, and eventually, succeeded in destroying it, as it did every other industry worth mentioning. Then when it had the country beggared, and all hope of competition destroyed, it gave it the "blessings" (?) of English Free Trade. Consequently, because of the English connection, she is unable to protect herself against the agricultural products of outside nations. This is a sample of the alleged "blessings" of the English connection.

The sneer at the Irish as "butlers" comes with ill grace from a paper that is chiefly owned and, presumably, edited by the son of an Irish father and mother. Nobody knows better than Mr. Medill that the Irish are capable of

the highest efforts of genius in every field of intellect and enterprise.

"Possibly the Irish in Ireland would be more prosperous if they consumed less liquor." It has been repeatedly shown, in the English house of commons, that the English people consume more whisky in proportion to number than the Irish, and that "Scotch-Irish" Ulster—the Tribune editor's paradise—drinks more "fire-water" than any other portion of Ireland. Edward Blake, M. P., recently taunted the British, in their parliament, with charging the Irish for the extra whiskey consumed in Great Britain, just as they saddled them with the English war debt after the Union.

In the course of his speech, delivered last March, Mr. Blake who is, by general acknowledgment, a careful statistician, said: "I wish there were less drinking in Ireland, and in Great Britain, too; but Ireland compared with Great Britain is a sober country. You, who accuse us, spend far more on drink than we do, and you arrange to get it cheap at Irish and Scotch expense. In 1883 the expenditure for beer in Great Britain was £28,627,000. In Ireland it was only £26,291,000, £1 7s 2d per head. Great Britain spent twice as much per head as Ireland. In England the amount on whiskey is £1 9s per head, and in Ireland £1 6s 6d. Britain spends on beer and spirits £4 2s per head, and Ireland £2 13s 8d, and yet some British statesmen tell enthusiastic constitutions that the condition of Ireland is brought about because she spends too much on drink. And what is the practical result of this 'equal' taxation? On the £4 2s England pays 10s in taxes, and on the £2 13s 8d Ireland pays 15s 10d. England should not control her morality, interests or convenience at our expense, and I would ask the house to concur in my contention that gross inequalities in taxation exist between the two countries."

The talk about gallantry to the old hand of a queen is all nonsense, and only put in by the Tribune's Orange bigot for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the innocent, and oftentimes ignorant, Anglo-American reader.

EDITOR ROCHE'S EXCELLENT ANSWER.

We think James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, has summed up the charge of "churlishness," made against the Irish people, for not participating in the Victorian "blow out" by the Boston Herald, very happily, as follows:

"Irishmen are not wont to be considered bores in their treatment of women. In fact, their reputation for gallantry is proverbial; but Queen Victoria is the head of the government which has inflicted upon Ireland a Coercion Act, with all the tyranny therein implied, for every year of her reign. To say that she is not responsible for all the bad acts of her government, while crediting her with all the good, is nonsense. When a woman assumes a man's part, she must accept a man's responsibilities. The regular speech from the throne sharply defines the royal prerogatives, abounding, as it does, in 'Me' and 'My' and 'I' in every sentence. Personally, moreover, Queen Victoria has ever been unfriendly or indifferent to the Irish people, going so far, even, as to prevent the more humane Sultan of Turkey from contributing a larger sum than her own for the relief of the famine sufferers of 1847. Among the royal prerogatives is that of clemency to prisoners; but her majesty has not shown any intention of pardoning the Irish political convicts still awaiting in their dungeons the more merciful monarch Death or the oblivion of the madhouse. The Herald might have drawn a wiser moral from President McKinley's enthusiastic reception in the South last week. The ex-Confederate bodyguard which attended him at Nashville had no bitter memories of brethren languishing in captivity or hanged for 'treason felony.' When Irishmen show eagerness to kiss the royal hand which whips them they will indeed deserve to be called bores or spaniels. Until then the Herald would better spare its slapping judgment of patriots who do not know how to be flunkies."

US IN IRELAND.

Recent advices from Ireland state that, at a recent meeting of the '98 Centennial committee in Dublin, Mr. C. G. Doran, of Queenstown, wrote requesting that the names of the following gentlemen be added to the general committee: Messrs. J. P. McDonnell, editor of the Patterson Boston Standard, N. J.; Eugene Davis, Boston; P. Cudmore, Fairbault; John F. Finerty, editor of THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, and Capt. James Ryan, Philadelphia. He also enclosed a valuable list, showing the dates and places of battles fought during '98, as follows: May 24, Naas, Providence, Killeen (first); Prosperous, and Killeen (second); May 25, Ballymore; Hacketstown (first); Monasterevan and Carlow; May 26, Tara Hill and Leixlip; May 27, Oulart and Rathfriland; May 28, Enniscorthy and Kilkenny; May 31, Carragh of Kildare; June 1, Newtownbarry; June 2, Tubberneering; June 4, Ross; June 7, Antrim; June 8, Tinnahoe; June 9, Salterfield and Arklow; June 12, Ballynabine; June 18, Killebeggan and Killecavan; June 19, Ballinascarty and Ovidstown; June 20, Goff's Bridge; June 21, Vinegar Hill; June 23, Newbridge, Colclough and Castlecomer; June 25, Hacketstown (second); June 26, Killeconnell Hill; June 29, Fox's Hill,

Tara Hill (the second engagement, fought by Wexford men in retreat); July 2, Ballyrathmore Hill; July 3, Carnew; July 11, Clonard; July 12, Longwood; August 22, Killa (first); Aug. 27, Castlebar (first); September 5, Collooney and Granard; September 6, Wilsford's Hospital; September 12, Castlebar (second); September 20, Ballinacumuck, and September 26, Killa (second).

IRISH "BOORISHNESS" VERSUS YANKEE FLUNKYISM.

We cannot understand why the Chicago daily papers, including the Tribune and the Post, should call the Irish people "churlish" and "boorish" for not degrading themselves by a participation in the Victorian jubilee, while these same papers have recognized that "the Irish" have good reason for their manly, not "churlish" or "boorish" resentment. Our own belief is that, if the Irish people took any part, other than a hostile one, in the Victorian celebration, which emphasizes their country's ruin and desolation, they would deserve the enduring contempt of mankind. We also think that the Americans, so-called, who take part in the affair, are either natural flunkies or born hypocrites, and that they are about as despicable as the very few knaves and slaves, with Irish names, who parade their shame before the world. Capt. Thomas Brennan, of this city, when interviewed on the subject, said, with truth and spirit, that he would as soon think of celebrating the anniversary of Cornwallis' arrival in America as that of Victoria's accession.

Among the most conspicuous of the native-born flunkies is "Billy McKinley, O." of Ohio. Not satisfied with sending three official lackeys to bow down before the old British tramp, in the name of America, has had the impudence to congratulate his "great and good friend" in the name, and on behalf, of the people of the United States. From this fulsome congratulation, Billy, if he were as truthful as he is slavish, would except the 20,000,000 people of Irish birth, or descent, in this country, not one in 10,000 of whom cares a rap about the Queen of England, her works or her pomp, but rather regard her with a very natural aversion. Billy McKinley, himself, has the old bitter Orange drop of blood in his veins, and this drop covers his entire ridiculous epistle to his "great and good friend" a deep and disgusting yellow. For a first-class, unblinking flunkie, always commend us to a "Scotch-Irishman," like the present ruler of the United States. He resembles Webster's, or Storrs', or somebody's, description of the mule—a creature without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Perhaps, it is his love for his "great and good friend" that is prompting McKinley to push up a new Arbitration Treaty, with the aid of that decayed lieberg, John Sherman, who is more fitted to be the occupant of a museum for mummies than of a cabinet position. Well, let William try it on—just to see what fun he will have. Let the Republican party dare to make this Arbitration treaty with England an issue, and see where it will land in November, 1900. We will permit no party, no matter how it may sugar coat its political poison, to convert the United States into a British dependency. So Billy McKinley is welcome to put that in his Antrim grandfather's duddie and smoke it.

Billy had better do the things he was elected to do, and let those he was not elected to do alone. He is getting altogether too fresh, and is rapidly revealing a very small man in a very big office. There is no pig in the whole world so mean, so big-headed and so self-absorbed as your renegade Celt. If McKinley were a man of heart and sentiment, if he were unshackled by a sense of obligation to some people who want peace at any price, even that of party and national honor, he would, long ago, have recognized the belligerency of the Cubans. As it is, he is morally responsible for every man butchered, every woman violated and every child starved to death in the unfortunate, tyrant-cursed island at our very doors. The American people would be much better pleased to see Cuba free than the Sandwich Islands annexed. There is no good reason why both objects could not be accomplished. We are compelled to say that, up to date, William McKinley, of whom we once entertained a high opinion, has proved himself a vacillator, a flunkie and an incompetent.

THE IRISH ROLL OF MARTYRS.

Following are a few of the brave men, Catholic and Protestant, cleric and lay, who died or were exiled or imprisoned for Ireland in 1797-98: Rev. John Murphy, Gen. Edward Roche, Rev. Philip Roche, Anthony Perry, Rev. Michael Murphy, Capt. M. Kehoe, Rev. Moses Kerins, Rev. John Redmond, John Hewell, Rev. Mr. Prendergast, John H. Colclough, Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, John Kelly, Rev. Mr. Stafford, Patrick Prendergast, Rev. H. O'Keefe, Esmond Ryan, Thomas Russell, Arthur O'Connor, Rev. Mr. Birch, Roger O'Connor, Rev. Mr. Ward, John Chambers, Rev. Mr. Smith, Matthew Dowling, Edward Hudson, Rev. Mr. Sinclair, Hugh Wilson, William Dowdall, Rev. Mr. McNeill, Robert Hunter, Hon. S. Butler, Bar., Rev. Mr. Simpson, A. H. Rowan, William Tennant, M. D., Robert Simms, Samuel Wilson, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Gen. Beauchamp Thomas A. Harney, Walter Devereux, James A. Emmet, Bar.,

Rev. Mr. Warwick, Thomas Cloney, Rev. J. Quigley, Samuel Neilson, Rev. D. Taaffe, H. Joy McCracken, William P. McCabe, Rev. Mr. Sevelly, Edward Fitzgerald, Rev. W. Steele Dickson, Henry Monroe, Rev. M. Barber, Rev. Mr. Mahon, Thomas Sinnott, Jas. Redmond, Wexford; Garrett Byrne, Wicklow; Rev. William Porter, William Alymer, Kildare; Rev. Mr. Harold, George Cumming, Joseph Cuthbert, W. J. McNevin, M. D., William Orr, Peter Finerty, William Michael Byrne, James Napper Tandy, John Sheares, Oliver Bond, Thomas Webb, William Hamilton, William L. Webb, Matt Dowling, Richard Kirwin, James Reynolds, M. D., John Sweeney, Jos. McCormick, John Sweetman, William Drennan, M. D.

DEATH OF THE HON. JAMES W. FITZGERALD.

The sad news of the premature and unexpected death of the Hon. James W. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Kansas, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio—one of the most popular and patriotic of Irish-Americans—will be received with profound sorrow by thousands of our readers, who admired his devotion and knew his worth. Our own acquaintance with and friendship for Judge Fitzgerald extended over thirty years, and in all that period, we have never met a man more heart-whole in his devotion to the cause of Irish independence, nor one who would more willingly have shed his blood, if necessary, in assertion of his principles. This genuine Geraldine was a native of the Cove of Cork, now nicknamed Queenstown, in "honor"—an "honor" bestowed by the miserable flunkies who ruled in Cork after he now occupies the British throne. He was born there about sixty years ago, and came to this country in early manhood. He made Cincinnati his home for more than a quarter of a century, and in that city, as elsewhere, was an exemplar among his countrymen. He was passionately devoted to his native country, while a more loyal American, in the sense of good citizenship, did not exist. In the earlier years of his life in Cincinnati, Judge Fitzgerald devoted himself to business pursuits, in which he was successful, but law was more to his taste, and, accordingly, he entered on the study of that profession and graduated with honor. He was repeatedly elected, as a Democrat, to represent his district in the Ohio legislature and was, at one time, Speaker of the House. Subsequently, he was elected Judge of the Criminal Court, and discharged the functions of that office for many years to the public satisfaction. About ten years ago, considerations of health induced him to move to St. Mary's, Kansas, where he made his home, and engaged in the practice of his profession up to the time of his death. He leaves, besides his afflicted widow, a grown up son, Charles J. Fitzgerald, to mourn his untimely departure to the world beyond the tomb. To James W. Fitzgerald may be well applied the lines of Thomas Davis on the Geraldine family—

True Geraldines, brave Geraldines, as
torments mold the earth,
Ye channeled deep old Ireland's heart
with constancy and worth!

He presided at the third great convention of the Fenian Brotherhood, held in Philadelphia in October, 1865, and was a member of the old Fenian Senate, under the presidency of Col. William K. Roberts, from 1866 to 1869. He took a foremost part in promoting the first Fenian invasion of Canada, in May and June, 1866, and acted in the capacity of Assistant Secretary of War of the Brotherhood at Buffalo, N. Y., during the brilliant military operations of Col. John O'Neill against the British and Canadian forces. He discounted the second attempt on Canada, in 1870, because, like most men of sound understanding, he considered the time inopportune and the means insufficient. That his judgment was correct, O'Neill's subsequent disastrous failure amply proved.

Judge Fitzgerald was chairman of the convention of the Irish National League of America, held in this city in August, 1885. He was a frequent visitor here, while passing between his old home in Cincinnati and his new one in Kansas. In person he was of the middle size, very well proportioned, with a comely, intellectual countenance, and curling masses of auburn hair and beard. He was always full of life and humor—a perfect ray of sunshine socially—in short an Irishman of the best and bravest type.

After services in St. Mary's, Kansas, the remains of the deceased patriot were conveyed to Cincinnati, for interment. The funeral occurred from St. Xavier's church, of which he was formerly a parishioner, and was attended by a mighty concourse of people. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Grady, who also preached the funeral sermon, in which he did full justice to the noble qualities of the departed Christian. The assistant priests were Rev. Fathers Kiley, Hickey, Teahan, O'Connor and Condon. The active pallbearers were Judge Moses Wilson, Gen. Michael Ryan, George Rouberg, Adam B. Wilson, Stephen McKenzie and Col. John Frey. The honored remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery, where also repose the relics of Judge Fitzgerald's beloved daughter, Geraldine, who many years ago preceded her father to the grave.

The Irish-American friends of Judge Fitzgerald, and also the survivors of

the old Fenian organization in Cincinnati, met and passed appropriate resolutions, which, we regret, want of space debar us from reproducing. Among those who signed the resolutions were General Michael Ryan, Capt. George Sweeney, J. R. Kinsley, James Hecking, J. J. Sullivan, James T. McHugh, William F. Ray, Thomas J. Mulvihill, Owen Smith, James J. Grogan, Andrew Earls, Nicholas J. Hoban, Hugh Cavanaugh, Frank Fox, A. C. Gilligan, Col. John Grace, Thomas Sheedy, Thomas Leonard and P. H. Murphy.

Judge Fitzgerald is deeply mourned not only by his own country people in Cincinnati, St. Marys and elsewhere, but by people of all creeds and races, who were familiar with his forceful, and at the same time, gracious personality. May he rest in peace, and rise in glory!

MILLS SAYS A WORD FOR IRELAND.

The Victorian Jubilee at the Auditorium brought out about 1500 people. Apart from the speech of Luther Laflin Mills, which, considering the poor subject, was eloquent, the whole performance was tame to tediousness. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Mills made the following observations, which were very coldly received by the "Anglo-Saxons" present:

"But in the march the American eye beholds a fact of injustice and of wrong, and as in past years it has spoken, so now the American voice proclaims the disappointment, grief, and protest of Americans. Not yet has been solved the problem of the rights of man in Ireland; not yet have the higher conscience and sense of justice of the British people expressed themselves in intelligent, humane, and effective action for the rescue, relief, and happiness of this sad land of genius, poetry, lofty aspirations, undanted poetry—whose seafaring, statesmen, poets have at home and abroad in many lands, by thought and speech and brave deeds, rendered service of unending renown to the cause of humanity—the land of great grief and cruel misfortune, whose hard condition is a dark, dark chapter in the history we are reading. But hope points to the great heart of the people and their growing sentiment and power to help and justice and right, we trust, stand not afar."

FATHER CRONIN DECLINES WITH THANKS.

Our reverend friend, Father Cronin, of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, was invited by an Englishman of his acquaintance to attend the Jubilee celebration in the city by the Niagara, and refused the very shady "honor" in an able and lengthy editorial, from which we make the following excerpts:

"We appreciate the courtesy extended and would do much to please our English-born friend. But loyalty to the traditions of the Irish race and abhorrence of the wrongs perpetrated upon the land of our birth, by the government and church of which the royal jubilee is temporal and spiritual head, forbid our presence on such an occasion. There is a principle involved in this Jubilee glorification that far transcends the personality of England's queen; and because of that principle, in our opinion, it would be slavish and degrading for anyone of Irish birth or blood to take the slightest part therein."

More power to you, Father Cronin! that was well and manfully put, and we congratulate you upon your manly statement. Further on Father Cronin says:

"And what has the Jubilee Queen done personally to deserve all this eulogy? Has her life been remarkable for tenderness and charity? Has she opened her heart and purse when parts of her dominions were scourged with famine and disease? Will the British incense-swingers and our American (?) tuft-hunters mention a single achievement of hers that merits public remembrance and gratitude? She has indeed been a pious mother, which is something to her credit; and she has also shown herself a painstaking matchmaker. She has, moreover, practiced economy to a remarkable degree, so that there is no danger of the wolf ever coming to the door of any of her multitudinous descendants. And probably this is the reason that when the Irish were dying in appalling numbers of British-made famines, she could only send sympathy from the fulness of her 'generous' heart!"

THE CHAMPION "MONSTER MEETING."

A writer in the Dublin Freeman's Journal gives a brief memoir of Daniel O'Connell, in which the following description of one of his monster meetings appears: At the great gathering held on the Hill of Tara on Lady Day, the 15th of August, 1843, there were present, according to O'Neill Daunt, more than a million people. "All night long," we are told, "the people gathered by thousands at the hill, and bivouacked under the open sky. In the morning so vast a crowd covered the place of meeting that there was no one place from which the whole of it could be surveyed. Dublin was denuded of public conveniences; it seemed deserted by its inhabitants. For miles along the road leading to the hill carriages were drawn up, and horses picked by the wayside. No one was left to watch them, yet they sat, fattered neither theft nor injury. It was a gathering was a triumph for O'Connell. It was a still a greater triumph for Father Mathew. Three-fourths of the crowd were pledged teetotallers. From dawn till noon, at forty altars, priests were celebrating mass under the sun—

mer sun, and over the heads of the kneeling thousands the bell tinkled, the smoke of incense quivered, and the Host was held on high. Towards noon O'Connell came, attended by a procession of ten thousand horsemen, mustered by marshals in orderly battalions. Forty-two bands raised a strident note of triumph. The crowds made way for the liberator, but so great was the press that he was two hours passing the last mile."

AN ENGLISH CONGRATULATION.

Says Reynolds' Newspaper (London) of recent date:

"Irish men and women all over the globe may well feel proud of the magnificent success which crowned the efforts of the patriotic promoters of the two great literary and musical festivals, the Oireachtas and the Feis Ceoil, held in Dublin last week. These important events have marked a distinct epoch in the history of the country and must have a most stimulating effect upon the great movement for the revival of the grand old tongue and the equally grand old music, both vocal and instrumental. It was very kind and sympathetic of gallant little Wales to send over her herald bard (Mr. T. H. Thomas) to assist at the celebrations, and the compliment was appreciated to the full. The claim made for Wales, however, by that gentleman that she was the mother of the Feis can scarcely be admitted, since we have it on the authority of another distinguished Welshman, Giraldu Cambrinus, writing in the Twelfth century, that in musical instruments alone the industry of Ireland had gained a laudable degree of refinement, surpassing immeasurably the skill of all other nations, and that it was a matter of common history that in the year 1098 Griffith Ap Conan brought over with him Irish harpers to make laws of minstrelsy and order and regulate the musical canon of Wales."

JUDGE GOGGIN DENOUNCES OLD VIC.

A few of the lawyers in the Criminal Court determined to have some fun with the Queen of England, and Judge Goggin, on Monday morning, when Frank T. Colby moved that the court adjourn in honor of the Victorian Jubilee. This was seconded, in the same spirit in which it was offered, by Assistant Attorney Frank Crowe, a well known Irish-American Nationalist. But Ossian Cameron, an emadhaun of a Scotch lawyer, took the matter up in earnest, and made a long speech in advocacy of adjournment. This angered Judge Goggin. He was adjusting his hands beneath his coat tails and was attaining that erectness of pose and projection of chest which have commonly gone with tempestuous outbursts.

"If the court please," resumed Mr. Cameron. Judge Goggin had started in a little march behind the desk, but he paused and his clear eye fell on the speaker.

"Your honor," resumed Mr. Cameron, picking up the thread of his discourse, "I wish to second the motion of my learned friend. It seems but a fitting and graceful thing to do. The motion comes with the better grace that the court has signified his desire for an adjournment, and I wish to add my—"

"There will be no adjournment," said Judge Goggin. Again he had paused in his walk, and had flashed a glance of hot intensity upon the bar. "There will be no adjournment of this court on account of Queen Victoria's Jubilee."

"Victoria may be a good woman, and all that," he said. "I don't know. But I cannot forget that Ireland is in misery today, and that it is with her sanction. I cannot forget, either, that she failed to be touched with incidents thrust before her, forced into her notice, at the time of the Queenstown famine."

Then his honor went on: "Oh, yes, Queen Victoria, eh? Who reduced the population of Ireland from 8,000,000 to 4,500,000? Who was it that rode from Cork to Queenstown and saw the bodies of hundreds of famished people lying along the roadside, the bones of many of these people having been picked by dogs?"

"There was no answer. "Who killed 80,000 Scots during the reign of William III? I suppose Queen Victoria is a goddess. She ought to be. She gets \$1,700,000 each year from her subjects. "Motion is overruled. No. 41144. Leave to file refused."

THE IRISH MEMBERS VOTE "NO."

John Dillon, M. P., deserves the thanks of his country and countrymen for having uncompromisingly voted against the congratulatory address to the Queen of England in the house of commons on Monday. Mr. Redmond offered an amendment which was rejected. On the final question against the congratulatory address to the Queen of England and cast forty-six votes in opposition to the address. Healy's followers were not present.

ALD. FIDDLESTONE, of the West Division—the only Englishman in Chicago capable of expressing himself clearly in his native jargon—That harsh, grating Northern guttural which were obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all—made himself manifest in the city council Monday evening by introducing a resolution to the effect that that body accept an invitation to attend the Victorian Jubilee at the Auditorium. This resolution raised a storm in the galleries, but Ald. Fiddlestone proceeded to enliven England and its Queen until he was interrupted by a voice, which cried out "Smoke up!" Fiddlestone insisted that England was "the biggest country on the earth." Ald. Coughlin contradicted his English colleague and said "It wasn't a potato patch along

side this United States, and he knew what he was talking about." Loud cheers followed Coughlin's eloquent effort. A motion to suspend the rules and rush the resolution through was lost by an overwhelming vote. It was finally, according to the Times-Herald, carried in "the omnibus," along with everything else included. The council was sleepy and could not wait to fight it out.

THE Queen's O'Walsh!

Who the devil is Daly?

INQUIRER.—No. John V. Clarke is a Canadian by birth. His father was from Cork.

J. W. DECOURCY O'GRADY, of the Victorian Jubilee committee sings: Oh I'm struck on this kind o' work, 'Twas always the way wid the Gradys, And I'd make a most illigant Turk For I'm fond of cigars an' owd ladies!

WE observe that Cardinal Vaughan, of England—an eminent John Bull of Catholic persuasion—has offered up mass for the queen of his country. How's this, Cardinal? Is Victoria not alone a heretic, but also the head of heresy, at least in Great Britain? Is it proper to celebrate mass for a heretic? Were not we taught in our youth in Ireland that *nobody* can be saved outside the true church, i. e. the Roman Catholic Church? Vide Butler's and MacHale's catechisms, Cardinal. Verily, if you will say mass for Protestants, say it for Lord Edward, for Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, who died that Ireland might be free.

THE Great American Flunkay is not exclusively abroad. He is very much in evidence at home.

AMERICA ought to be tired of electing Britishers like Cleveland and Billy McKinley to the presidency.

THE Tribune ought to change its name to The Chicago Orangeman.

THE Rocket, published in London, under the heading of "Jubilee Humor," says: "The coming celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee will inevitably serve to give birth to a crop of newly-named articles of nearly every description. For instance, when the celebration of the Jubilee took place ten years ago, 'Jubilee' was on everybody's lips, and on every hand one heard of 'Jubilee walking sticks,' 'Jubilee bonnets,' 'Jubilee hats,' 'Jubilee cigars,' 'Jubilee umbrellas,' even 'Jubilee puddings and pies.' If the adjective were adopted wholesale throughout the country, the situation would be peculiarly humorous; and, with all due apology to the poet laureate, the following might be well set to music:

There was a Jubilee youth,
Who sat on a Jubilee stile;
By his Jubilee side was a Jubilee girl,
And on her Jubilee head was a Jubilee curl.

In the Jubilee field there was a Jubilee bull,
Eating Jubilee turnips, his Jubilee hunger to lull;
Also a Jubilee dog, hunting Jubilee frog,
In a Jubilee bog.

When that Jubilee youth asked that Jubilee miss
To give him a Jubilee kiss from her Jubilee lips,
That Jubilee bull raised his Jubilee eye
And lashed his Jubilee tail,

And tossed the Jubilee lovers over the Jubilee rail."

AND now along comes a correspondent and informs us that Elias Colbert, chairman of the Victorian Jubilee, is an Irishman, of Huguenot descent, born in Dublin. Well, well, Elias, who'd have thought it?

POOR Luther O'Laughlin Mills! Luther and O'Laughlin don't assimilate.

GEORGE E. GOOCH! What a devil of a name! But, then, we must remember that poor George is an Englishman.

ALDERMEN HARLAN and McInerney should refrain from coming to blows. These two good men might get hurt, and what would Chicago do then, poor thing?

THAT was a fine cartoon in the Daily News Monday night. The likenesses were all good—especially that of Judge Goggin—and the costumes were all that could be desired.

CAPT. BOYCOTT, with whom the celebrated word in connection with the Irish Land League movement originated, is dead at the age of fifty-five.

WE are sorry to note that the venerable Robert H. Fergus, an old-time publisher, and probably the best known man of the Scottish colony of Chicago, was killed by a Northwestern train, near his son's residence, Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Fergus was 83 years old.

THE Dublin Independent says:—"Hitherto no serious attempt has been made to dispute the authorship of the 'Marseillaise,' which has by universal consent been attributed to Rouget de Lisle. A claim is now put forward in Paris, however, on behalf of a musician named Grison, who, it is argued, included the famous revolutionary hymn in an oratorio composed before de Lisle published the 'Marseillaise.' The ora-

torio is to be produced shortly, and evidence will be forthcoming at the performance in support of Grison's claims. It matters little, however, who composed the 'Marseillaise.' The important fact about it is that it is the finest national anthem in existence. Compared with it England's 'God Save the Queen' is a mere childish composition, of which a people with any taste ought to be ashamed."

It is the custom to light bonfires on the Irish hills every 23d of June—St. John's Eve—and the cableman has taken advantage of this fact to say that the Irish illuminated for Victoria! The custom has lived in Ireland for 3,500 years.

REV. THOMAS P. HODNETT, pastor of St. Malachy's church, and his assistant priests, all clad in black vestments, celebrated on Tuesday high mass of requiem for the souls of the victims of Victoria's brutal reign in Ireland during the last sixty years.

PROCESSIONS carrying black flags, with skull and cross-bones, paraded Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford and other leading Irish cities, last Tuesday night, denouncing Victoria's rule in Ireland, and reminding the people of the countless victims of famine and political persecution.

NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S, IND.

Brilliant Graduating Exercises—Many Degrees Conferred—A Chicago Lady Wins a Scholarship.

The closing exercises at Notre Dame University this year were particularly brilliant. The class poem was read by James D. Barry, of this city. The Valedictorian was Joseph V. Sullivan, another Chicagoan. The graduating class received an ovation, particularly Thos. T. Cavanaugh, its president. Among the Chicago young men who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in course were James Dixon Barry, Martin James Costello and Joseph Vincent Sullivan. James J. Sanders received the degree of Bachelor of Letters. Commercial diplomas were issued to Thomas J. Martin and Eugene M. McCarthy. Joseph P. Shiele, of this city, received the Sorin gold medal for Christian Doctrine.

St. Mary's Academy had also a brilliant graduation day. Among the soloists who particularly distinguished themselves were Miss Eva Henderson and Miss G. Casanova. Miss L. McHugh, of New York, showed great ability as an accompanist.

Diplomas and gold medals were conferred upon the graduating class, composed of the following young ladies: Ermine Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; Blanche Nichols, Denver, Colo.; Henrietta Louise O'Brien, South Bend, Ind.; Maude Anderson, Cheney, Kas.; Agnes Ewing Brown, Lancaster, O.; Ann Fay, Los Angeles, Cal.; Anna Pearl Griffith, Davenport, Ia.; Clara Kasper, Evansville, Ind.; Grace Schoolcraft, Chicago; Mary Elizabeth Tuohy, Chicago.

In music Miss Eva Henderson, Kokomo, Ind., was graduated in the vocal department, and instrumental music diplomas were given Miss Louise McHugh, New York city, and Miss Ermine Monarch.

When Miss Blanche Nichols had delivered the valedictory, Mr. Mooney was asked to say a few words, which he did and then the immense audience adjourned to the refectory, where it was entertained by the Academy. Mrs. Ellen Tuohy, of Chicago, presented her daughter, Mary Elizabeth, with a \$5,000 check as a graduation present. It is privately announced also that she has founded a \$5,000 scholarship at the academy.

HYMENEAL.

NALLY-REDD. Edmund Julian Nally, superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Company, Chicago, and Miss Warren Redd, daughter of County Assessor Oliver Redd, of Lexington, Ky., were married at the residence of the bride's parents, two miles north of that city, recently. There were six bridesmaids, who were dressed in Parisian style. The bride wore Parisian style, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The bride veil was caught back with orange flowers. Chancery Muldoon, of Chicago, performed the ceremony. The groom's best man was William O'Neal, of Chicago. Leading officials of the Postal Telegraph Company from all over the country were present. A wire was run into the family residence and a special operator received nearly 300 messages of congratulation from telegraph men all over the world. The bride couple left for Washington and sailed for Europe, per the Teutonic, on Wednesday week. They will make their home in Chicago.

"I Was Troubled with stomach difficulty for some time and had a tired feeling, but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was relieved. We keep this medicine on hand all the time."—Miss Louise Meyer, Morton Grove, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

EDMUND O'CONNELL HONORED.

Recently in the Circuit court, at Bloomington, Ill., Master-in-Chancery John A. Fulwiler presented reports in a number of cases which have been under his management. He closed by tendering his resignation as master. Judge Tipton asked if Mr. Edmund O'Connell was present, and being answered in the affirmative at once proceeded to appoint him as master in chancery. The judge remarked that Mr. Fulwiler would settle the cases now pending, but that Mr. O'Connell's incumbency of the office would date from the day of appointment. The election of a new judge usually carries with it the selection of a new master in chancery, but under a statute the appointment will hold for two years. Mr. O'Connell has done much work for his party, and in the last campaign put in over two months on the stump in all parts of the State. No one will question his competency. The bond was fixed at \$50,000 and was

filed and approved immediately. The sureties are V. E. Howell, T. W. Maurice, W. J. Baldrige, John J. Pitts, H. D. Humphreys, George H. Cox, T. B. R. Kilgore and Howard E. Hayes—Bloomington Pantagraph.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Leave your business occasionally and try a new climate and new surroundings. No better medicine. The principal health and pleasure resorts of the Southwest are reached via the Santa Fe Route. Low rates, quick time, comfortable service. For specific information inquire of local agent, or address W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas.

Our facilities for printing the forms used by Societies and Clubs, also the commercial line, are unequalled.

CLOHESEY & CO.

PRINTERS

48 and 50 Wabash Avenue
...CHICAGO...

TELEPHONE MAIN 2134

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,
ROOM 20

Set of Teeth.....\$4.00
Best Set.....8.00
22k Gold Crowns.....4.75
Silver Filling.....1.00
Gold Filling.....1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth.....5.00
Gold Plates.....30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

\$25.00

For What?

A First Class Ticket from Chicago to California.

When?

At the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention in July.

By What Route?

THE SANTA FE.

The same rate will also apply to intermediate points and in the reverse direction.

Open to Everybody.

Send for descriptive books and detailed information to any agent of the Santa Fe Route, or to the undersigned,

W. J. BLACK, G. A. HIGGINS,
G. P. A. & S. F. Ry., A. G. P. A.,
Room 162, 9th & Jackson St., Room 1322 6th St.,
TOPEKA, KAN. NORTHERN BLDG. CHICAGO.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

CIGARS.

Sole Agents for

CRENNAN'S

LA CARINA

CIGARS

AND GREEN FLAG CIGARS.

142 MICHIGAN AVE.,

CHICAGO.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315 17

ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JOHN McORMICK, DE

ceased.—All persons having claims against

the estate of John McORMICK deceased, are

hereby notified and requested to attend and

present such claims to the Probate Court of

Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having

the same adjusted at a term of said court to be

held at the Probate Court room, in the City of

Chicago, on Monday, June 27, 1897, being the

day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 17, 1897.

DANIEL M. CORMICK,

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

22d Annual Military Picnic

AND MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL,

Given by the

First and Second Battalion

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

AT

OSWALD'S GROVE

Fifty-Second and South Halsted-Sts.,

SUNDAY, JULY 4.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME:

1—100 yards dash, open; prize, Gold Medal. 2—100 yards dash, confined to Clan-na-Gael Guards; Gold Medal. 3—100 yards dash, Seventh Regiment, I. N. G.; Gold Medal. 4—100 yards dash, Ladies' Race; Silk Parasol. 5—Running Broad Jump; Gold Medal. 6—Running Hop, Step and Jump; Gold Medal. 7—Throwing 56-lb weight between the legs without follow; Gold Medal. 8—Great Challenge Tag-of-War contest, employees of Fortune's Brewing Co. vs. Gaelic Athletic Association team; prize, a case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Jerry Walsh.

An Exhibition Extended Order of Drill will be given by the non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Infantry, I. N. G., under Sergt.-Maj. James Kelly, at 6 p. m.

EVENING PROGRAMME:

SPEAKERS: JOHN T. KEATING, President United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County and State President A. O. H. of Illinois; HON. MILES J. DEVINE; Chairman, REV. D. J. CRIMMINS.

Separate platform for Reel and Jig dancing, and regular dancing platform. Accommodation for 8,000 people. Gates open at Noon and close at Midnight.

TICKETS 50 CENTS A PERSON.

MARY A. CORKERY, President. M. E. AUSTIN, Secretary and Manager.

CHICAGO & INDIANA COAL CO.,

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Otter Creek White Ash Black and Mecca, Indiana, Lump

COAL.

Office and Yard: 27th & SOUTH CANAL STS.

Mines at Brazil, Ind., and Mecca, Ind.

Telephone, South 404. **CHICAGO.**

STEAM COAL A SPECIALTY.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,

59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311.

(Real Estate Board Building).

CHICAGO.

JOHN P. McGOORTY

Counselor-at-Law,

616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK,

N. E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.

Telephone Main 4224. **CHICAGO.**

P. B. FLANAGAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

SUITE 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK,

COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.

Telephone Main 2768. **CHICAGO.**

JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,

Dealers in

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

150 to 160 West Madison Street,

Near Halsted.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

TEAS AND COFFEES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCCERS,

20 & 22 STATE ST.

Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.

TELEPHONE 2658.

GRAHAM & SONS,

BANKERS,

134 West Madison Street.

Safety Deposit Boxes \$3.00 per year.

OPEN EVENINGS.

O'DONNELL BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail

All kinds of Hosiery and Soft Goods. Cakes and

Wool of the Best Quality.

Blackey Wood, sawed stone lengths 80

per foot, delivered.

Office and Yard

203 W. Taylor St. Between Halsted-St.

and Blue Island Ave.

COLINETTE.

Colinette she had for name,
In a summer of my prime,
For the happy harvest time,
To her village home I came.
I was but a schoolboy yet,
But a simple girl was she,
And she died in February,
Little Colinette.

Up and down a leafy chase
Hand in hand we used to run.
How I revelled in the fun!
How she panted with the race!
Faint and limber when we met
Saw our loves that knew no wrong,
Made the burden of their song
Little Colinette.

Then at length we met to part,
Fate with darkening skies above,
Love I knew it not for love!
Tribbling to my utmost heart,
Hiding all my soul's regret,
"Till another year," said I,
As I took her hand, "Goodbye,
Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,
Very common, that I tell.
Not the less will turn up well
Wherever the story's told.
Many a wistful young coquette
Now I view with poet's pen.
Once alone I've loved and then
Little Colinette.

—From an Unknown French Poet.

HER PENSION.

"I don't see no cause for an why you shouldn't have a pension, Miss Penelope. There's a heap of persons makes out their vouchers ez hasn't nigh so much just claim ez you."

Miss Penelope—she always answered to that name, regardless of being the relict of Nathan Briggs and a widow of good standing—made no answer at first. She was occupied in casting on the heel of a stocking.

Marrying so late in life, no one in Canaan could get out of the habit of addressing her as Miss Penelope. So Miss Penelope she remained, both before and after marriage. She was a faded little old lady, with soft eyes and a pathetic droop to the corners of her mouth. These anxious curves were accentuated now as she dropped her knitting in her lap and glanced up a little deprecatingly.

"I hadn't thought on it," she commenced.

"Well, you jes' oughter," broke in her companion volubly. "It's a sin an a shame to let money go to waste as b'longs to you by good rights. Why, there's Seth Sawyer claimed he had a gunshot in the knee, had a doctor's certificate made out an all that, but Farmer Jones sez he got it pilferin a hen roost. He was with him when he done it. Of course he can't come forward an testify, far he'd be defamin of his own character. An Hannah Pratt—she that was a Winslow—draws her stipend reg'lar, though every one knows Stephen Pratt never went inter the war tell 'twuz nigh on over an died in his bed at his allotted time. No one can say that of your claim, Penelope. It's all open an aboveboard."

A sudden smile wreathed Miss Penelope's lips as she lifted her eyes to the opposite wall, where a sword and knapsack were suspended.

"Yes; Nathan, he fit in three battles—Shiloh, Manassas and the Wilderness. He wuz took to the hospital arter the last one, an that's the only bit of information I could scrape up. Couldn't make out even where he wuz buried. Corporal Brent, he brought me them things back. Found 'em on the battle-field."

A tear stole down the wrinkled cheek. "Twuz a grievous loss, Sister Penelope. That's the way I look at it. You've give a life to your country, an now it owes you a recompensation."

Mrs. Brackett leaned back after this statement and looked at her friend as if defying her to deny the allegation. The bereaved widow shifted uneasily under that steady gaze. The remarkable flow of language confused her.

"It never seemed 'sactly right," she ventured timidly. "Elder Little used to go on awful 'gainst insurance. 'Pears to me this is 'bout the same thing."

Elvira Brackett sniffed contemptuously. "Sakes alive! The quicker you get that notion out your head the better. You don't hear no sech talk nowadays in the pulpit. Times he changed. Besides, you've got to look out fur yourself. Think of havin \$10 a month, 'sides the arrears. Uncle Sam's a good provider."

Miss Penelope made no rejoinder to this, but turned the heel of her stocking meditatively. Perhaps awe of Elvira Brackett restrained her from an open expression of her views, for Mrs. Brackett's mother was a Peterson. To have emanated from such a stock was a brand of nobility. One of the Petersons had borne the title of circuit judge. All had held offices of respectability.

Mrs. Brackett's sister's husband was a prosperous plumber. They lived in the city, and Elvira paid a yearly visit to her kinsfolk, returning from each trip in an elevated and instructive frame of mind. Elvira was a born manager, so now, when she leaned forward with an air of settled determination, Miss Penelope sank back in her chair with much the same sensation of a fly in a spider's web.

"It's all very well," Elvira went on in an emphatic tone of voice, "to be independent when you're young an spry an can look out for yourself, but now, with old age starin you in the face, it's a slightin of Providence, thet's what it be. We wuz talkin it over at the sewin circle last Wednesday. Hannah Jewett said she heard you hadn't been to meetin since last July 'cause you hadn't a decent pair of shoes to wear. Now, Miss Penelope, you know what the Bible says about hidin your talents in a napkin. Ef hevin a husband thet fit in three battles isn't a talent, I don't know what is."

Elvira's arguments were not exactly logical, but Miss Penelope had not the courage to refute them, and so she went on:

"I tell you now I hev an idea. July Ann has sent a pass fur me to come on

as visit her. I can't get off, seein it's jes preservin time, but you might as well take it an go as far as Washington. July Ann's sister-in-law keeps a boardin house there, an she'll take you in. I'll write her to meet you, an she'll tell you how to go 'bout it. Thet's just the very thing. I'll find some one goin on from Northboro to put you in care of, an it'll give you a chance to see the capitol, too. It's a powerful pretty city, so they say. Now, I guess I've got you all fixed." And Elvira drew her shawl around her and prepared to take her departure.

"Don't you worry about your things or nothin. I'll be over an fix 'em up for you."

Miss Penelope sat motionless for a long time after her visitor had left her. The sun crept down behind the horizon line, and the stars lit their glimmering tapers one by one. A thread of moonlight stole through the parted curtains and glittered on the shining andirons. When she stumbled to her feet at last and began to prepare her simple meal, there was still a dazed expression on her face.

"Nigh on to 73 an goin to the capitol! I wonder what Nathan would say? Elvira seems to think it's my duty. She sez it wuz a slightin of Providence."

Even now, after Nathan had been dead 30 years, Miss Penelope found herself deferring to his opinion, as she had always tried to do while living. Not that she had ever followed his advice when given; it was simply a form of respect by which she strove to hide the consciousness that Nathan's judgment was not to be relied upon. Indeed, no one but Miss Penelope had much opinion of Nathan Briggs. To obtain a certificate of respectability in Canaan it was necessary to be familiar with one's family tree. Nathan had come there a stranger.

He had always been singularly reticent as to his ancestry, and although this had been a source of regret to Miss Penelope's pride she had been too loyal to question him.

All of her friends had openly rebelled when, in addition to her own responsibility of making both ends meet on a slender income, she had taken upon herself the care and maintenance of Nathan Briggs. Miss Penelope only smiled contentedly.

"I can't say as Nathan loves to work—no—but then, you see, I'm sech a driver myself thet I kin do 'nough for two. An I've heard tell how people oughter choose their opposites." For proof of which she would drop her needle and thread and run out to light the kitchen fire rather than disturb him from the perusal of the evening paper.

"He isn't a Canaanite; thet's it. 'Tain't fair to weigh him in the same scales," she would say to herself by way of excuse, when she was wondering now she would meet the grocer's bill while her husband sat with his feet on the porch railing, discussing the financial state of the country.

But when the war broke out, then Miss Penelope's heart thrilled with pride. Nathan's name had been drafted, and he could not very well secure a substitute, but she did not know that. She only realized that she was giving her all in defense of her country, and, like the Spartan mother, she rejoiced in the sacrifice. It had been her one consolation in her bereavement that Nathan had at last clothed his name with glory and shown himself to be a worthy citizen of Canaan.

No one dissuaded her mind of this belief in her soldier's bravery by intimating that her Nathan was generally in the rear guard. On the contrary, they endeavored to foster her loyalty by every means possible. Corporal Brent went over the old battle scenes again and again, and Miss Penelope's eyes would flash and turn toward the saber on the wall, while in imagination she saw her hero storming the barricade, climbing the ramparts and facing the fire of the enemy.

"She's the one thet oughter gone to the war an left Nathan home to wash the dishes," Corporal Brent would say, with a stamp of his wooden leg. "She got precious little satisfaction out of him when he wuz alive. I'm goin to give her all I kin now he's gone."

He was the first to come around and bid her goodspeed on her journey.

"Ef you haven't got a claim ag'in the government, no one has, Widder Briggs. I'd hev seen thet you got your just dues long afore this, only I knew your sentiments on the subject. I'm glad you're takin a diffrunt view of the matter; I am so."

It was the same with all the neighbors, old and young. They took such an interest in her undertaking and seemed to look upon it with such pronounced approval that Miss Penelope had not the courage to intimate that her views had not undergone any remarkable change, but that she was being propelled to Washington by the indefatigable will power of Elvira Brackett. It was only when she was seated in the train in neatly mended apparel, surrounded by various bundles and packages—the donation of appreciative friends—that she realized she was now deprived of that sustaining prop and dependent on her own resources.

"Nigh on to 72 an startin for the capitol! Whatever would Nathan say?" the dear old lady kept repeating to herself as she counted her bundles over and over, sitting bolt upright, the prey to many fears and misgivings.

These were somewhat dispelled when she reached the city and saw the genial face of the landlady nodding up at the car window.

"There! I knew you the first minute I set eyes on you," she said, taking the little old lady in her arms with true southern spontaneity. "July Ann described you all right. Pretty near tired to death, I suppose? Let me take the bundles. We'll get home as soon as we can, and then you shall have a good, long rest!"

"It's quite a journey to take at your age, now, isn't it?" she continued when they were seated at last in the carriage.

"But, shen, it's worth the trouble if you get your pension, and I have no doubt that you will."

Every one she met seemed to be under the same impression. All the boarders concluded at once that the dear desire of her heart was to secure this monthly stipend. Some even took it for granted that she had been fighting for it for the last 20 years, with the result of having it continually disallowed.

"I don't see how they could have kept you out of it so long, auntie," observed a giddy youth as he viewed the gentle, faded face through his monocle.

"I wish that I could draw a sum like that without earning it," said her next neighbor, a department clerk. "I have to work hard enough for my pittance."

Miss Penelope turned and looked at him reflectively. Then her mind flew back to the saber on the wall, and she smiled. It was a peaceful smile, and it straightway opened every heart to her entrance.

Before the week was past she had recounted all Nathan's battles, offered to work a "tiger lily" rug for the pretty young lady who was going to be married in the spring and started a chess protector for the young man opposite who was in consumption.

Within the month she had taken the tour of the public buildings, had gazed awestruck on the wonders of the capitol and Washington monument, and, grandest treat of all, had seen the Soldiers' home, with its corps of feeble veterans, and Arlington, with its 17,000 headstones and its monument to the unknown dead. Miss Penelope said nothing as she strolled slowly along the ranks of "bivouacked dead," but her face wore a look of exaltation when she left the sacred spot.

Her application had been sent in, but had not yet been acted upon. At last the department clerk offered to get his congressman to intercede for her.

"That'll hurry it along," he said encouragingly. "There's so much red tape about such matters, they only need a little pushing."

Miss Penelope thanked him, but showed no enthusiasm over his proffer of assistance. In fact, she suddenly became quite serious at the prospect of success.

Clyde Whiting attributed it to uneasiness as to the outcome and thought he was conferring a great kindness on the old lady when he interested Congressman Lane in her behalf and took him down to the pension office to jog the memory of the dilatory clerks.

"Claim 9,764—certainly, sir." And the obsequious employee began to examine the files diligently. "Um! Are you quite sure about the name? There must be some mistake."

"No, 9,764—Mr. Nathan R. Briggs," broke in young Whiting impatiently.

"Yes. Well, you see, his widow has been drawing his pension for the last 20 years. That is the reason the claim was not acted upon, I suppose. Matilda, widow of Nathan R. What is the present claimant's given name?"

"Penelope," Clyde answered in a crestfallen tone. "I heard Mrs. Allen call her Penelope."

The clerk snapped back the files nonchalantly.

"I remember the other case. Had not heard from her husband for years; supposed he was dead; then she got a trace of him through the war records; put in her claim, giving satisfactory evidence, and it was allowed. It isn't anything new. We have such cases every now and then. They always get found out when the pension is due."

"What shall I tell her?" faltered Clyde when Miss Penelope's claim was finally set aside and he and the congressman started to retrace their steps.

"From something Mrs. Allen dropped one day I judged the husband wuzn't all the old lady cracked him up to be, but I never thought it would be as bad as this. I can't do it—the shock would kill her! Won't you help me out a little?"

And he turned to the congressman pleadingly. "It would not be so bad coming from a stranger. If you only had heard her talking about him and seen her face! Why, I should as soon take Nathan's sword and stab her to her heart."

The Hon. Mr. Lane smiled indulgently. The boy was young. When he had seen as much of the bitter side of life as himself, he would become hardened.

"Well, send her around to me at 2:30. Of course if the man was such a scoundrel, the sooner she knows it the better."

The Hon. Theophilus Lane thought he had steeled himself against possible scenes, but when, at the appointed time, a light tap came at his door and he looked up from his papers to meet the confiding gaze of Miss Penelope's soft eyes his task suddenly became very disagreeable to him.

"Mr. Whiting, he said you had something to say to me." And Miss Penelope came forward, refusing the proffered chair with a gentle wave of her hand.

"No; I haven't got time to stop. I s'pose you want me to sign them papers?" She glanced up at him interrogatively, but, meeting with no response, went on in trembling tones:

"You see, every one seems to think I'm so dead set after that pension, an it wuz all Elvira Brackett's doins. She sez it was my duty, an a slightin of Providence, an I didn't know but what she wuz right. All the way in the cars I kep 'a-thinkin, 'What would Nathan say?' an every day it's been the same. I couldn't seem to decide. You see, Elder Little, he allers preached ag'in insurance. He sed how it wuz a sacrilege an somehow I couldn't se'p'rate thet two nobow. It seems ez ef I wuz being paid fur Nathan's life. After I kin here an see the avonoo, where them troops marched along with their tattered flags, an when I see them headstones an all this beausich city they helped to save, why, my whole soul riz ag'in it."

"I see to myself, I can't take it. Nathan wouldn't hev it no. He giv his life fur his country atout money an atout price. So, you see, I can't sign them papers nobow."

"I wuz goin to pay Miss Allen with a part of that money, but I guess she'll

take it out in better an eggs, an the ladies, they've ordered hooked rugs, an the gentlemen mittens an mufflers. Why, I've got 'nough to do to keep me busy I don't know how long."

The Hon. Theophilus Lane bent from his towering height to take the little old lady's hand in his, and as he gazed in the earnest face, transfigured by the light of a firm resolve, he felt a thrill that not all the applause from one of his famous speeches had had the power to awaken.

"Do you think that you could manage to fill an order for me, Miss Penelope?" he asked, with as much anxiety as if hooked rugs, mittens and mufflers were desirable commodities in Washington.

"Well, now, I dunno but what I might, seein it's you," Miss Penelope answered reflectively. "Dear me, I s'pose Elvira Brackett'll be awfully put out when I cum back about thet pension, but ef Nathan thinks it wrong an I think it wrong, why, it must be wrong, no mistake."

Miss Penelope went back to Canaan as innocent of wrongdoing as when she came, but before her return her story somehow got circulated round, until it reached the president's ear, and he went so far as to ask for the pleasure of a private audience.

It is safe to say that no potentate ever appreciated that honor more fully than Miss Penelope, as she made her courtesy to the chief executive and related a brief account of Nathan's battles.

"Of course it wuz all on his account," she would always conclude, when she was relating the scene to her breathless auditors, after her return home. "He seemed tickled to death to hear about it. Why, I shouldn't be a bit surprised ef they put up one of them statues to Nathan. There's a heap of 'em stuck up in the parks all over the city."—National Magazine.

A Nasty Encounter.

Sir John Drummond Hay gives, from his experiences in Morocco, an account of what the English would call a "nasty encounter" with a wild boar.

The animal had been brought to bay, and the dogs had attacked him. When the sportsman was within ten yards, the creature stood waiting, blood streaming down his sides and his bristles on end. Says the writer:

"I squatted, took deliberate aim behind the right shoulder and pulled the trigger, expecting to see the beast roll over, but a fizzle, a faint report, and the sound of a bullet falling among the bushes told my deathknell. I knew that the boar would be on me in an instant."

With faint hope, however, that the second barrel also would not contain a damp charge, I held my gun firm. On came the huge beast, and when he was within three yards I aimed at his left shoulder. The explosion was faint, but he dropped on his head, then rose, and charging on the muzzle of my gun sent it flying over my head.

I toppled backward, my legs thrown straight up in the air, and there I remained, seeing between my legs the grim monster's head and tusks.

The moment appeared a lifetime, but my chief thought was, "My epitaph, 'A fool killed by a pig.'"

On he came, while I kept my legs aloft. It is better, I thought, to have them ripped than to be wounded in more vital regions. So when his grisly snout was on me I brought down my right leg, armed with a heavy shooting boot, like a Nasmyth hammer on his skull.

The boar had only one sound fore leg, and the blow brought him to his knees. This was followed by the left leg, and I pummeled his head alternately with each foot as he tried to get to me.

"If no one comes to the rescue," I cried out, "I shall be killed."

I had scarcely spoken when suddenly there appeared the brave beater, Ahmed Ben Ali, his hatchet raised to strike. "La bas!" he called, which was equivalent to "All right."

The boar left me and went at him, and the little fellow struck out with his hatchet, and then jumped aside. A shot followed from the bushes, and the boar fell over dead.

I lay prostrate, spattered with blood, but I had no serious hurt.

Coolbath's Cure.

His name was Coolbath, and the way that man used to complain was enough to make his best friend give him the cold shoulder. It was "Oh, my back!" "Oh, my side!" and "Oh!" something or other from Monday morning until Saturday night. He used to go to see his family physician about once a day on an average, and although the doctor was aware that Coolbath was his best patient he also knew that there was really nothing the matter with him, and he resolved to cure him of his everlasting complaining. So one day he said: "Coolbath, what you need is outdoor exercise. I want you to learn to play golf, and when you can play come to me and report results, and after you have taken a few walks around the links see if you don't feel as if you have taken a new lease of life."

Now, I have previously told you there was really nothing the matter with him, but he felt that he must do as the doctor ordered, although he grumbled so much about it that every one wished him in Jericho. Well, he learned the game and played morning, noon and I was going to say night for awhile, and finally I happened around and said: "By the way, Coolbath, how is it that now no one ever hears you complaining about your health. Are you better?"

"Well," he exclaimed, "I don't mind telling you, as you are an old friend, that the real secret is that when I am playing golf it keeps me busy thinking after the game is over; so, you see, I don't have time to think of my ills."

And that is the story of Coolbath's cure.—Golfier.

PANDY CATHARTIC
ascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS
10¢ 25¢ 50¢
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Ascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Cal., or New York. S. 11.

BRUIAL AUSTRALIANS.

The Larrikin Is the Most Degraded Tough in the World.

A gentleman in Melbourne gave me this etymology of the word "larrikin," and as it seems a reasonable origin I am willing to accept it: In the early days, when the goldfields of the colony of Victoria attracted to Melbourne the world's adventurers, lawlessness was the rule, and the authorities of the capital city had their hands full keeping their own citizens, as well as their visitors, in order. One night an Irish policeman arrested two drunken lawbreakers, but when, the next morning, he came to give his evidence before the magistrate his anger against the prisoners had softened into compassion.

"Sure, yer honor," he said, "the byes wasn't so bad at all, at all."

"What did they do?" asked the magistrate.

"Nothin, sorr, except that they was just larrykin" (meaning larking).

"Well, I'll give them a week as larrikins," said the judge, and with this the distinctive name of the world's most contemptible outlaw and blackguard began.

Those who have seen Chevalier in his coster costume can form a good idea of the dress of the Sydney larrikin. A tunic, covered with buttons; a collarless shirt, with a gaudy neckerchief; a soft gray hat, and tight hipied, bell-bottomed trousers, make up the distinctive uniform of the larrikin. His female companion, whom he calls "ma donna," probably for the Italian "madonna," dresses, save as to the head, which is usually bare, in loud prints and with a barbaric fondness for glaring reds.

These people have not only a distinct costume, of which they are proud, but they are fast developing a distinct patois that is particularly rich in perversions, vulgarity and a profanity that would shock the soul of the most confirmed religious skeptic.

The larrikin works by fits. In a land where every village has its race track, and racing so occupies the thoughts of the people as to seem like a great national industry, this outlaw flourishes in the vicinity of stables and is ever strikingly in evidence at all the race courses, from the private run at Bondi to the great annual event of "the Melbourne cup," which comes off every November, and ranks next to the English Derby and the French Grand Prix in the world's races.

About the "publics" or bars the larrikin and his vulgar voiced consort are often to be found. At times he rises to the dignity of a landlord or a jockey. In the first instance he is ever at odds with the law, and in the last he is always regarded as a purchasable factor. If not in open defiance, the larrikin certainly lives in undisguised contempt for the law and its servants. If the jail ever meant a degradation to him, the day is past. His education is not complete till he has won a prison garb. He fills the jails and penitentiaries of the colonies while he is in health, and he crowds the hospitals and almshouses in disease and old age.

Unlike the American tough, hoodlum or desperado, the larrikin never carries concealed weapons, but he is none the less reckless of life and cruel in his instincts. Although descended from a brave and virile race, this creature is essentially cowardly. If he attacks a peaceful citizen to secure booty or to gratify malice, he fights by surprise, gives no chance for resistance, and invariably has the backing of associates. He will not shoot or stab, but he will use a sandbag from behind, or slay a man by means of a stone in the toe of a stocking.

The larrikin's contempt for the moral law passes all belief. The stories told of his offenses may not be true, but they could not have been coined without a good foundation in fact or continued with disgusting variations if his life did not justify them.

Degraded though the American ruffian is, the meanest of them has chivalric impulses where women are concerned, and the lowest Bowery tough will give his seat, render a favor or raise his hat to one of the other sex; but of this redeeming feature the larrikin is entirely incapable.

Three years ago whipping was introduced in the jails of New South Wales, and for awhile this form of punishment served as a deterrent, but after a time the released larrikins came out to exhibit the tracks of the whip on their backs with the pride of the veteran showing his scars, and now, it is said, the larrikin's standing among his fellows is measured by the lashes he has endured.

—Major Alfred R. Calhoun in Denver Republican.

Stow, the English Antiquary.

John Stow, the celebrated English antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1525 and brought up to the tailor's trade. For 40 years his life was passed among needles and thread, but in the few leisure hours which his trade allowed him he had always been a fond reader of legends, chronicles, histories and all that told of the times that were past. By such reading he grew to be so attached to old memoirs that when about 40 years of age he threw down his needle, devoted himself to collecting them and followed his new profession with the faith and enthusiasm of an apostle.

Short of means, he made long journeys afoot to hunt over and ransack colleges and monasteries, and no matter how worn and torn might be the rags of old papers which he found, he kept all, reviewing, connecting, copying, comparing, annotating, with truly wonderful ability and good sense. Arrived at fourscore years, and no longer capable of earning a livelihood, he applied to the king, and James I, consenting to his petition, granted to the man who had saved treasures of memoirs for English history the favor of wearing a beggar's garb and asking alms at church doors. In this abject state, forgotten and despised, he died two years later.—Montreal Star.

Trout and Pickerel.

Something About Their Methods of Feeding, as Observed at the Aquarium.

It is easy to observe at the aquarium the habits of fish in feeding. Some are sluggish, some are fierce and some are shy. The trout are fed on live killies. The killies when thrown into the tank scatter in all directions, with the trout after them like chain lightning, twisting and turning with marvelous celerity. The killies double, the trout dart after them. Rising to a bunch of killies at the top, the trout fairly make the water fly. They jump almost, if not quite, clear out of it, as if they were turning somersaults, and down they go in again and on after the killies. It is a dashing, slashing, crashing pursuit, and in about half a minute the killies are all gone.

The pickerel—how different! How silent, and yet how sudden! The killie dropped in above darts downward through the water. Not pursued, it slows down and halts in the middle of the tank to rest and to recover its equanimity after its recent disturbing experience of being removed from its home in the live food tank, carried about in a galvanized iron tray, and finally dropped into another tank as food for other fishes.

At a little distance is observed the pickerel. It has come up silently, like a long, slender, little steamer moving dead slow. It comes to a halt so smoothly and quietly that the instant of its halt is not noticed. It is simply seen to be lying there, motionless, about six inches from the killie.

All is peace and quiet in the tank, and the killie still balances itself in the water and rests. Suddenly, with no apparent exertion of power, the pickerel darts forward. The movement is so sudden that it is not realized that the pickerel has moved until it is seen in its new position. The killie is gone. It is now in the pickerel's interior, and probably with only a very hazy notion, if any at all, of how it got there.

The methods of the trout and pickerel are very different; their results, however, are much the same.—New York Sun.

One Woman's Trial.

A resident of Staten Island has lately been very much annoyed by some of the urchins of the neighborhood. She is a great lover of nature and has on her front piazza a number of potted plants which have been cared for all winter. At night, when everything is quiet, the boys come and manage to steal one or two plants without discovery. One by one her choice flowers have disappeared, and although she has watched for the thieves they have never been caught.

The other day she conceived a plan by which she saved her remaining treasures. Tying a string to each flower-pot, she connected the ends with a bell in the hall. That night she waited patiently for the alarm. At last there was a tinkle and then a crash. Rushing out, she saw a boy, apparently frightened out of his senses, running down the path. When he found the pot tied and heard the bell ring, he dropped his booty and took to his heels. The boy escaped, but there has been no more trouble with flower thieves.

This woman is very fond of pets of all kinds and has a number about the house. One day, while marketing, she saw a beautiful gamecock and thought it would make a novel sort of pet. Paying \$50 for her find, she had it sent home. The bird arrived before its mistress and was received by the cock, who chopped off its head and prepared it for dinner.—New York Times.

Humility.

It is not every great man who carries his honors as meekly as the mayor of Liverpool, who rebuked an admiring crowd in the words, "Frens, I'm just a mortal man like yersels." Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells the following story: "A woman was once pursuing her fugitive cow down a lane, when she called out to some one in front, 'Man, turn my cow.' The man took no notice and allowed the cow to pass. When she came up, she said, 'Man, why did you not turn my cow?' He replied, 'Woman, I am not a man; I am a magistrate.'"

Household Words.

A Genius.

"My wife has been studying geology, and the house is so full of rocks I can't find a place to sit down."

"What will you do about it?"

THE DIAMOND'S HOME

THE IMMENSELY RICH FIELD OF WHICH KIMBERLEY IS THE CENTER.

Wonderful Abundance of Jewels in a Very Small Area—The Peculiar Formations Which Surround and Lie Above the Diamonds—How They Are Taken.

Before the Kimberley mines were discovered most of the diamonds added to the world's stock came from either Hindustan or from Brazil. The largest deposits were found in Golconda, in the Hyderabad territory, and in Minas Geraes, in Brazil. The African discoveries first showed scientific men what the origin and native place of the diamond really were. In the Indian and Brazilian fields it was plainly not native to the soil and was picked up out of differing formations. In South Africa it was found in a rotten rock, apparently forming part of the earth's crust, and not a mere superficial deposit, as the others had been. The great mines in this region, according to a correspondent of the London Standard, are situated within a circle about 3½ miles in diameter. There are five principal mines, the largest being only about 45 acres in extent. They are the famous Kimberley, Bultfontein, De Beers, Du Toits Pan and Wessfontein mines. They are of fabulous richness. Here the town of Kimberley has sprung up.

The district is about 4,000 feet above sea level and lies at the northern edge of a plateau which extends from the Bokkeveld mountains, near the cape of Good Hope, to the border of the Transvaal. There are mines in the Orange Free State, two being of considerable note, one 30, the other 60 miles away, with several more of less importance both there and in the Kimberley district. The river washings are still continued, but the yield of gems from them is not very rich or steady. Mining in the rock was carried on at first in a rough and ready fashion, but all that has changed. In most parts of the district, after clearing away some feet of surface soil, the excavator comes upon a dark, coaly shale 100 feet or more thick. Beneath this lies a mass of igneous rock allied to basalt, more than three times as thick, and that is succeeded by a blackish shale, with bands of hard sandstone. But here and there instead of the shale, though surrounded by it, like a pond in a field, is a mass of curious rotten stuff, in which sometimes fragments of shale and sometimes hard mineral grains can be seen.

This at first is of a rusty yellowish color. Then in about 100 feet it turns to a dull green and becomes a little more solid—sometimes distinctly harder than dry clay. The two rocks are identical in origin, but the upper or "yellow ground" is more decomposed than the lower or "blue ground." Gradually the rock ceases to yield to spade or pick. It has to be quarried in the usual way and is quite as hard as a bit of good limestone. It has now quite a different appearance, seeming to consist largely of fragments, varying in shape and size, some angular, some rounded, from at least two inches in diameter down to very small grains. Some evidently are pieces of rock, others are minerals (often broken, but occasionally looking like crystals). All these are set in a dark greenish colored matrix. This, then—whether rotten or solid—is the diamond bearing rock. It seems to fill huge pipes or shafts, which somehow or other have been driven or "punched" through the shale and underlying rocks, and these go vertically downward to what distance is unknown, but certainly not less than 1,500 feet.

At first the material was "pegged out" in a number of small claims, and the soft stuff was comparatively easy to work, but by degrees many difficulties arose. As the excavations were deepened the claims were with difficulty kept separate. Slips and falls of material were constantly occurring, not only in the "pipe" itself, but from the "country rock" at its side. Water became troublesome and working expensive. Co-operation and command of capital were soon absolute necessities.

About 1880 the mines had been acquired by companies, and they are now united under the name of the De Beers Consolidated mines. Deep shafts have been sunk through the "country rock," from which legends are driven to the "pipes." The diamond bearing rock is quarried away, as it were, layer by layer and is taken up to the surface. During this process a diamond may be discovered, but that is a mere chance. The rock is then conveyed to an inclosure, where it is exposed to atmospheric action in order that, if possible, it may crumble naturally to pieces, and the risk be avoided of splitting the contained diamonds by crushing it up. This, however, is sometimes necessary.

At last, after being subjected to various processes, including washing, the mineral residue is picked over for diamonds. The quantity of diamonds which have been produced by these mines is something astonishing. Indeed the directors find it useful to limit the output lest they should glut the market. It is said that by the end of 1893 about ten tons of diamonds had been yielded by these mines, valued at \$60,000,000. They would fill, as Crookes, the well known English scientist and lecturer, stated in a recent lecture on the diamond and these mines, a box 5 feet square and 6 feet high. The annual product is now about half a ton, and some 8,000 persons, of whom rather more than one-fifth are white, are employed in the works. The above estimate includes diamonds of all kinds, bad and good, for one stone may be fit for nothing but cutting purposes, while another may be a gem of the first water. The South African diamonds very frequently appear to be broken. Colored specimens are not rare, and a slight yellow tinge is commonly perceptible. Differences exist between the diamonds found in the several mines, so that an expert can generally identify the locality from which a stone has come.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.

ADAM OSTERSHOF, Vice-President.

E. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

RUDOLPH BRAND, Pres. & Treas.

GEORGE W. KELLNER, Vice-Pres.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, General Manager.

UNITED STATES BREWING CO.,

Brewers of

FINE LAGER BEER.

Telephones:

Main Office, Harrison 706. Brand Branch, West 285. Bartholomæ & Leicht Branch, North 216. Bartholomæ & Roesing Branch, Main 4079. Ernst Bros. Branch, North 405. K. G. Schmidt Branch, North 409. Val Blatz Chicago Branch, Main 4357.

Fortune Bro.'s Brewing Co.

BREWERS OF

Lager Beer.

Van Buren, Desplaines and Pearce Sts.

OFFICE: 225 DESPLAINES STREET.

CHICAGO.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8850.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF THE CELEBRATED BAVARIAN and SALVATOR BEER PILSENER BEER

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gay av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1233 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, E. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 320 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 38 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.
President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 300.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.
President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spillan, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.
President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.
President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.
President, H. K. Jordan, 308 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.
President, P. G. Maguire, 4495 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Duddy.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mehan's hall, 4941 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.
President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 3703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Harlin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.
President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.
President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escaraba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 332 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.
President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4130 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.
President, James F. Murray, 590 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Conner.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.
President, Rev. D. J. Crummins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4229 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.
President, John E. Long, 2901 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3051 Pliny av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thursdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.
President, J. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 7435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m., and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth st.

DIVISION 15.
President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5745 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 503 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhausen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.
President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.

Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.

Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cor's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p. m.

DIVISION 17.
President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.

Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Ledy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.
President, Martin Loftus, 2340 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dinneen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.
President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3738 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Quayley's hall, 3740 S. Halsted st., at 5 p. m.

DIVISION 20.
President, J. J. Lamb, 403 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.
President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clifton av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1833 N. Seely av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clifton and Ashland av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.
President, T. H. Flanagan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McLaughlin, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.
President, W. J. Doherty, 1233 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghegan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4051 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.
President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.
President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-President, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.
President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 21 Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.
President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western av.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.
President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1457 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1242 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.
President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1829, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.
President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.
President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley av.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.
President, William Cunnea, 5330 Drexel av.
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6519 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.
President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 395 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 3 p. m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 445 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.
President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3936 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanagh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.
President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.

Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.
President, John P. Doherty, 6379 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dinneen, 6429 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John H. McNauman.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.
DIVISION 22.
President, Miss Sabina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boye.
Sentinel, Miss Marie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p. m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.
COMPANY A.
Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.
COMPANY B.
Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.
81 SOUTH CLARK ST., ROOMS 10, 12, 14.
President, John J. Mahoney.
Vice-President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.
Directors, John F. Finerty, Wm. H. Joyce, John T. Keating, James Hogan, Thos. Cusack, John McCaffrey, Mich'l Lynch, M. J. Meehan, Patrick Noonan, D. J. Deasey.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.

If you are not already a subscriber, fill out the subjoined order blank and send it to this office with your check, registered cash or money order. If you are a subscriber, cut it out and send it to a friend who may desire to subscribe for the Irish National organ of the Great West, namely THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

NAME	ADDRESS	DATE
PLEASE SEND ME THE CHICAGO CITIZEN FOR ONE YEAR.		
ORDER BLANK.		

John Bull Takes a Look at Himself.

England of today is what Carthage was in times of old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company mongers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old-fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshipped as a divinity. When we mow down Africans with maxims, we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell Europeans struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame. And while we swagger and boast of our might we are in such abject fear of being attacked that we heap up armaments on armaments, because, no matter what we spend, we still would spend more to make us secure.—London Truth.

The Picture Hat.

Some time ago a noted writer announced that scientific physicians had utterly condemned the large, round hats weighed down with excessive garnitures, pronouncing them "a serious and undeniable means of producing headache, wrinkles and gray hair." One would suppose this threat of a trio of terrible afflictions would have had the instantaneous good effect of banishing the burdensome cause of them all; but not so. We can almost affirm that fashion's power is more potent than health or even life itself. Gray hairs may appear, the "picture hat headache" may become chronic and wrinkles deepen, but while the dominating queen of style decrees it we shall still behold the baneful and overpowering picture hat.—Exchange.

A Decided Hint.

Mother—What in the world ever possessed you to give Mr. Bunge a shaving set?
Daughter—He never seems to realize how tender my face is.—Detroit Free Press.

DEVLIN COAL COMPANY

Toluca Coal....

Quality the
Best

Special Prices to Dealers
and all large Consumers.
Family and Individual...
orders also receive prompt
and satisfactory attention

General Office
426 Marquette Bldg. Chicago.

Oldest Savings Bank in Chicago.

OFFICERS:

J. V. Clarke,
President.
Henry B. Clarke,
Vice-Pres. & Mgr.
Savings Dept.
Hamilton B. Cox,
Cashier.
L. B. Clarke,
Asst. Cashier.



OFFICE HOURS.

10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

SATURDAYS:

Commercial Dept.

9 a.m. to 12 m.

Savings Dept.

9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

and 6 to 8 p.m.

Established 1867.

Deposits of One Dollar and upward received and interest allowed thereon at the bank's old established rate—3 per cent per annum—compounded half yearly. Open from 6 to 8 o'clock every Saturday Night for the convenience of those who are unable to attend during the regular banking hours.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

INCORPORATED 1893.

Ask Your Grocer for Fitzpatrick's Laundry

SOAPS.

Manufactured by

JOHN FITZPATRICK CO.

Our Specialties: AMERICAN WAX, MOTTLED GERMAN, ORIENTAL GERMAN, WHITE ELECTRIC, CELEBRATED GERMAN, CELEBRATED CHAMPION, GERMAN FAMILY, PURE ELECTRIC CHIPPED SOAP, especially adapted for Laundry and Hotel use, and different grades of Soft Soaps.

Office and Storehouse, 422 & 424 S. CANAL ST. TELEPHONE MAIN 4123.

Factory, WESTERN AVE. NEAR 26th ST. TELEPHONE CANAL 286.

PABST MILWAUKEE DOPPEL-BRAEU.

In quality, flavor, color and general fineness Pabst's new "Doppel-Braeu," or double brew is fully equal to Wuerzburger or other expensive imports. Bottled for family use. Pabst Brewing Company.

N. E. Cor. Grand-av. and Desplaines-st.
Telephone Main 4383. Chicago, Ill.

P. R. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASH-
LAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL CONLON, DE-
ceased.—All persons having claims against
the estate of Michael Conlon, deceased,
are hereby notified and requested to attend
and present such claims to the Probate Court
of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having
the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be
held at the Probate Court room, in the City of
Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third
Monday of August, A. D. 1897, being the 18th
day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 19, 1897.
JOSEPH H. CONLON, Administrator.
P. R. Flanagan, Attorney.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT

Estimates for construction of buildings
Free of Charge

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,
Adams Express Building, Chicago.

ESTABLISHED 1874. INCORPORATED 1894.

JOS. P. WATHIER CO.,

WHOLESALE JEWELERS.

Headquarters for Latest Novelties in Fashionable
Jewelry. Full Assortment Watches,
Diamonds, Silverware, Clocks, Etc.

EYES TESTED FREE BY COMPETENT OPTICIANS.

FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING A
SPECIALTY.

SOCIETY EMBLEMS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

Pin No. 791. Solid
Gold Rolled Plate.
Pin No. 623. Solid
Gold Rolled Plate.
Button No. 914.
Solid Gold Rolled
Plate.

178 W. MADISON ST. 142 MILWAUKEE AV.

P. H. Heffron

HIGHLAND WINE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

WHOLESALE

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

24 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

27 North Clark Street, Room 14.

Residence 225 Osgood Street.

TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

and Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK
N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.
TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

JAMES LEDDY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Teas & Coffees,

High Grade Wines Retailed
to Families at wholesale
prices. All orders de-
livered promptly
free of charge.

4252 WENTWORTH AVENUE.

JOHN NAGHTEN.

M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches,
Church Property, Academies,
School Houses and Dwell-
ings at Reasonable
Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

Importers of

FINE WINES AND BRANDIES.

Western Agents for Power &

Sons Dublin Whisky and

Watson's Glenlivet

Scotch Whisky.

Exclusive Owners of

Ben Franklin Pure Rye.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

KEELEY Brewing Co

MALTSTERS

AND

LAGER BEER BREWERS.

Twenty-Eighth-St. & Cottage Grove-Av.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE AMERICAN LINE

or Sending For Your Friends

Secure Passage by the Old Reliable

CUNARD MAIL LINE

which has been in existence over 50 years.

Never Lost a Life

and has made the Fastest Time on Record

5 DAYS 7 Hours 23 Minutes.

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

LUCANIA AND CAMPANIA

620 ft. long. 12,000 tons. 30,000 H.-P.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent

in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

620 ft. long. 8,500 tons. 14,500 Horse-power,

and other Floating Palaces, comprising a su-

perior fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Saturday Sailings from New York, Boston and

Liverpool, calling at Queenstown.

Unsurpassed Second-Cabin and Storage

accommodation on all steamers.

F. & WHITING, Mgr. Dearborn and Randolph, Chicago.

GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. Madison St., Chicago.

When Going to Europe

OR SENDING FOR

YOUR FRIENDS

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE

BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

WHITE STAR LINE,



MAJESTIC, TEUTONIC,

10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons.

BRITANNIC, GERMANIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and

Embark Passengers and Mails.

Tickets to and from the principal Eng-

lish, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French,

German and Scandinavian ports.

Drafts and Money Orders for sale at

lowest rates. Apply to the nearest agent,

or to the Company's offices.

H. WAITLAND KERSEY, General Agent,

29 BROADWAY, N. Y.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, General Western Agent,

244 S. Clark Street,

CHICAGO.

GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. MADISON ST.

MARTIN FANNING, 401 S. HALSTED ST.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE

AMERICAN FLAG.



New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London.

No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.

Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding incon-

venience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

every SATURDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal

English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scan-

dinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the

United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,

143 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Agt.

CALIFORNIA

FAST TRAINS

equipped with

Double

Drawing-Room

Sleeping Cars and

Tourist

Sleeping Cars

THROUGH

WITHOUT CHANGE

Dining Cars and

Buffet, Smoking

and

Library Cars

Leave Chicago

EVERY DAY.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

208 CLARK ST.

CHICAGO.

NORTH-WESTERN

LINE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY